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ACROSS THE STREET.

When dawn was lighting the rosy heavens,
At four in summer, in winter seven,
Ere Phœbus glowed,
Or yet the city had turned in its bed,
There by the window, with needle and thread,
She sat and sewed.

And, as the hand so busily plied
A baby boy played soft by her side
The whole day long;
And sad and sweet in the evening mild
Were heard the voices of mother and child
In gentle song.

'Mid toil and trouble, and dire despair,
The child's smile solaced the mother's care
Thro' dreary years;
For the little one had his father's face
That faded away from her fond embrace
With burning tears.

But there came a day when the song was still
And the needle stopped at the window-sill,
For the babe was low;
And there came a day when the boy was dead
And cold and pale in his little bed
Where the violets blow.

No longer the woman sits and sews,
No longer the tear of sorrow flows
Or memories throng;
For the gentle tones of mother and child
Are blended again in the evening mild
In angel song.
—*David Graham Adee.*

GRANDPAPA'S OLD COAT.

"Only one silk and that not new! Dear me, dear me, it is dreadful!" and Aunt Grayson caught up the pretty bodice of the garment in question, and gave it a spiteful little shake. Kathie, hemming ruffles by the window, laughed.

"What can't be helped must be endured; there's no help for it auntie," she said.

"Yes, there was help for it," cried the lady, tossing the bodice from her, "if you had taken my advice; but you must go and act like a simpleton! The idea of a girl of your age giving away her hard earnings, and then getting married without a decent change of clothing! I declare it is too absurd. And you are making such a good match, too! Charles Montague comes of one of the best families in the country, and he'll be rich one of these days, though he may be poor at the start, and you, having as good as thrown your money away, can contribute nothing—not even able to buy your own clothes, which every wife ought to do."

"At which time, let us hope, my scanty wardrobe will be replenished," said Kathie, merrily.

Her aunt frowned contemptuously.

"But what are you to do now?" she went on. "What do you think Mrs. Montague, of Oaklands, will think of you, when she sees your outfit?"

"Not one whit less than she thinks of me to-day," answered Kathie, stoutly, "or I should be greatly mistaken in my estimate of her character."

Mrs. Grayson laughed in scorn.

"You poor little simpleton! Wait until you know the world as I know it, and you'll change your tune. I tell you, Kathie, appearance is everything. Your bridgroom himself will feel ashamed of you when he sees you in the midst of his stately sisters, in the grand rooms of Oakland."

Kathie winced, but she answered bravely: "I don't think Charlie will ever feel ashamed of me, or I should give him up to-day."

"Wait until he sees you in your shabby garments."

"Shabby garments!" said Kathie, opening her bright brown eyes. "My garments are not shabby, auntie. I am quite sure I never looked shabby in my whole life."

Mrs. Grayson glanced at the trim, graceful little figure. The close-fitting blue merino was faultless; the linen cuffs and collars were as spotless as snow. Kathie was right; she never looked shabby. Her garments seemed to be part and parcel of herself, like the glossy feathers and black tuft of a canary. Yet these garments were usually made of all sorts of odds and ends, for Kathie was poor, and obliged to be rigidly economical. But she was possessed of that tact, or talent, or whatever it may be called, which is more to a woman than beauty or fortune; enabling her by the mere skill of her willing fingers and artist soul, to make life, her home, her own person, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Mrs. Grayson, Kathie's well-to-do aunt, with daughters of her own, who trailed their silks in the dust and tumbled their laces and plumes and looked dowdy all the while, regarded the trim little figure by the window with a half admiring, half contemptuous smile.

"You are rather a pretty girl, Kathie," continued her aunt, "and you understand the art of getting yourself up in good style. What you've got will do well enough, perhaps, but there's so little of it. Your bridal outfit is shameful. What will you do for carriage dresses, and dinner dresses, and evening dresses, when you are Charles' wife? Why, when I was a bride I had everything; a round dozen of silks of every hue, poplins, merinoes, tissues, and a half dozen sorts of wraps. I didn't go to James Grayson bare of clothes, I tell you."

Kathie said nothing for a moment, but bent over her ruffles, her bright eyes dim with tears; then answering, "You may well say that, aunt; but is it kind that you should tantalize me, when you know that your father was a rich man, while mine was poor, and my uncle, with all his promising to me, died leaving me nothing."

"Such a simpleton as you've been," her aunt continued, "after toiling and teaching for your money, to turn round and give it away! I declare it puts me out of temper to think of it."

"What else could I do?" the girl burst out, passionately. "Could I see poor George's children turned into the street?"

"Assuredly," answered the lady cooly, "he could have rented a house easy enough. In your place, I should have kept my money in my pocket; but you wouldn't listen to my advice. You are sorry for it now, no doubt."

"I am not sorry. I would do the same thing again to-morrow. I'm glad I had the money to pay poor George's debt, and I don't care if even I should look shabby."

"Very well, I shall not try to care, either. I shan't help you; I told you that in the beginning; I can't afford it, and even if I could I should not feel it my duty. You would be headstrong and senseless, you must bear the consequences. I'll give you some lace for your neck and sleeves, and you may wear the garnet set of Josephine's."

"I am perfectly aware of your not caring, though you are my aunt; but I don't want the lace, nor should anything induce me to wear borrowed garments. Besides I have some very fine lace which belonged to my dear, dead mother, which I shall wear in remembrance of her, knowing how happy she would be, were she alive and with me, at the event that is soon to take place."

"Oh! very well; don't snap my head off, I beg; you needn't wear them. Much thanks one gets for trying to assist you. You won't wear any hat either, I suppose."

"I have plenty of trimmings; I shall trim that light felt I wore last winter."

"And your jacket? Where's that to come from, pray?"

Kathie's tears were gone, and her brown eyes flashed like stars as she answered, "I intend to make myself a jacket of grandfather's coat."

Her aunt threw back her head and laughed boisterously, as she went on: "Grandfather's old coat! oh, that is too good. What would Mrs. Montague say to that? Kathie, child, what a goose you are!"

Kathie threw aside her ruffles, and going to the clothes-press, brought out the old coat.

"The material is very fine," she said, "and this rich, old-fashioned fur will cut into nice strips for trimming. Oh, I am sure that I can make a handsome jacket out of it, and I think," she added, softly, "grandpapa would like to have me have it, if he knew."

"Grandpapa, indeed!" echoed Mrs. Grayson. "I should think you'd have but little respect for his memory, after the manner he treated you in never leaving you a penny after having nursed him and slaved for him night and day for all those years."

"I have no doubt he intended to leave me something," said Kathie. "I know he did; but he died so suddenly, and put off alterating his will until it was impossible to do so."

"Oh, nonsense! I wouldn't give a fig for good intentions! He had lots of money—everybody knows that; it has all gone to that scapegrace, Dugald, and leaving you without a shilling for your wedding dowry."

"Charlie won't mind that," said Kathie, her checks blooming like a rose.

"Won't he? Don't tell me, child! Every one thought you would be old Tom Rowland's heiress when you found Mr. Montague. Ten to one he'd never have given you a second thought but for that. Now, that he's disappointed, he's too much of a man to back out, of course, but he feels it all the same. Don't tell me, I know men better than you."

Kathie uttered no word in answer. She took the old coat, and, crossing to the window, sat down to rip it apart. Her wedding day was drawing near, and there was no time to lose. Mrs. Grayson settled herself on the lounge for an afternoon nap; the big Maltese cat purred on the rug; the canary chirped lazily in her cage; and, without, above the waving line of the wooded ridge, the December sunset glowed.

Kathie began to rip the strong, closely stitched seams, her pretty, fresh face looking sad, but not hopeless. Aunt Grayson's world-wise talk had somewhat hurt her from its unkindness, or rather heartlessness.

All her life she had been such a brave, sweet little soul. Left an orphan early, she had lived with her grandfather, and made his last days bright. He said to her more than once: "You're a dear child, Kathie; by-and-by, when you think of being a bride, I'll give you a wedding dowry."

Yet, after his sudden death one midwinter night there was no mention of Kathie found in the will, and everything went to Dugald, the son of a second marriage.

Kathie did not complain, but it cut her to the heart to think that after all she had been utterly forgotten. She tried to believe that there was some mistake, but it was very hard to do so.

And when Dugald sold out the old homestead, gathered up the funds and went off to America, she gathered up all the souvenirs and took care of them. The old fur-trimmed overcoat was one, and this was distinguished from all the rest by having a card appended to it, on which was her full name.

Then boarding at her aunt's, she taught the village children, and saved up her earnings for her marriage-day, for Charles Montague had asked her to be his wife.

The wedding-day was appointed, and Kathie was beginning with a fluttering heart to think about making her purchases, when her brother George fell ill; and worse, got into trouble. He was rather a thriftless man and had been unfortunate; his little home was mortgaged, and unless the debt could be repaid the house would be sold over his head. Kathie heard and did not hesitate an instant. Her hoarded earnings went to pay the debt.

She did not regret her generosity sitting there in the glow of the waning sunset; she would have done the same thing again. She did not doubt her handsome, high-born lover's loyalty, yet her girl's heart ached, and tears dimmed her clear, bright eyes.

It was bad to be so cramped for a little money, and one's wedding-day so near. Her wardrobe was limited and sadly needed replenishing. Aunt Grayson told the truth; she would look shabby in the grand rooms at the Oakland, in the midst of Charlie's statly sisters!

The tears came faster, and presently the sharp pearl-handled knife, with which she was ripping the seams, slipped suddenly, and cut a gash across the breast of the coat.

Kathie gave a shriek of dismay.

"There, now, I've spoiled the best of the cloth; I can't get a jacket from the much abused old coat. What shall I do?"

Down went the bright young head, and with her face buried in grandpapa's old coat, Kathie cried as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Grayson sneered on the lounge, the Maltese cat purred before the hearth, the canary twittered, and out above the wintry hills the sunset fires glowed in golden glory.

Her cry out, Kathie raised her head, dried her eyes, and went on with her ripping, when something rustled under her hands.

"Why, what's this? Some of grandpapa's papers!"

She tore the lining loose, and there, beneath the wadding, was a package done up in parchment, and tied with red tape, and addressed in a clear hand to herself!

Kathie drew it forth. One side was marked: "This package belongs to my granddaughter, Kathie."

"Why, what can it be?" cried Kathie, her fingers fluttering as she tugged at the tape.

At last the knot yielded, and she unfolded the package. Folded coupon bonds—a round dozen at least—and a thick layer of crisp bank notes. On the top lay a little note. She read it.

"My dear little granddaughter, here is your marriage dower. Two thousand pounds. One day, some fine fellow—none other I trust—will claim you for his wife. You are a treasure in yourself, but take this from old grandpapa as a light remembrance for all your care and kindness to him."

"Oh, grandpapa, then you did not forget me!" sobbed Kathie.

A ring at the door at that moment startled her. She looked out and saw her lover. Gathering her treasures into the lap of her ruffled apron, she rushed out to meet him.

"Oh, Charlie, come in quick; I've got some wonderful news to tell you!"

The young man followed her into the drawing-room, wondering what had happened.

"Oh! Charlie," she cried breathlessly, holding up her apron, her eyes shinning, her cheeks aglow; "see here; I'm a rich girl after all! I've found my marriage dower. A minute ago I was so poor, and had nothing to give you with me. I had to give poor George all my money and I've only one silk; and had to trim my old hat over, and auntie laughed at me so, and said you would feel ashamed of me. I was cutting up grandpa's old overcoat to make a jacket, and I found this. Only see; two thousand pounds. Oh, Charlie! I'm so glad for your sake."

The young man bent down and kissed the sweet, tremulous mouth with a full, glowing heart as he said:

"My darling," his voice thrilling with tenderness, "I'm glad of all this because you are glad. For my own part I would rather have these dear little hands without a shilling in them. You need no dowry, Kathie, you are crowned with beauty and purity, and goodness, and what could I wish more? In my eyes you are always fresh and fair and lovely, no matter what you wear. I love you for your own sweet self, rich or poor."

Kathie left the folded bank coupons and notes slip from her apron and fall to the floor in a rustling shower.

"Oh, Charlie!" she whispered, leaning her head against his shoulder, "I am so glad."

"Glad of what, Kathie—grandpapa's dowry?"

"No; glad you love me for myself."

He clasped her closely, and at their feet grandpapa's marriage dowry lay almost unheeded.

Her aunt and her cousins, though they pretended to be pleased and to congratulate her, yet it was easy to see how thoroughly they were chagrined.

The marriage proved to be a happy one not only to the party directly concerned, but equally to "Mrs. Montague of Oaklands," and her proud, stylish daughters.

The money given to Kathie's brother's proved to be the making of him. He recovered his lost ground, and in a few years he had accumulated a handsome property, repaid his sister all that he owed though against her wishes, and showed to her how fortunate was the result of her liberality so heartily condemned by her aunt.

The Task of Writing.

Readers in general little know what pains writers and actors take and what troubles they endure in order to give them amusement or information. Thackeray's troubles cropped out in his writings, and no one who has read his Ballad of Bouillabaisse, and read between its lines, will forget his noble self-devotion to his suffering wife and little daughters. How Tom Hood wrote his best things on his bed when almost dying, and how Grimaldi, when suffering from melancholia, was advised to go and see that funny rogue, Grimaldi, are a few incidents that have let the public behind the scenes somewhat, but the pains and troubles of the majority, who are denounced as stupid or mere fools when their work had been done under circumstances which call for sympathy, will remain a sealed book. An instance which illustrates this patience and endurance of writers has just been made public. There are few newspaper readers in the United States who have not read and laughed with aching sides at the real humor of him who is known as the Burlington *Hawkeye* man; and the majority have probably imagined him as a round, rosy-cheeked disciple of Momus who kept his humor on tap all the time and turned it on for the amusement of the public just as the freak seized him. A letter of his declining an invitation to a college reunion has just found its way into the press which will put the matter in a different light. He says:

Mrs. Burdett's health—if the poor little sufferer's combination of aches and pains and helplessness may be designated by such a sarcastic appellation—has been steadily failing all winter, and we have come down to this seagirt island to see if Old Ocean and its breezes may do what the doctors and mountains and prairies have failed to do. And here we are waiting. "Her little serene highness" in utter helplessness, unable to stand alone (for years she has been unable to walk), her helpless hands folded in her lap; she must be dressed, carried about, cared for like a baby, suffering from countless pains and aches day and night, and I cannot leave her even for a few days. No one at Chautauqua will feel the disappointment as we do, for we had planned to go there together. If she could go with me, I would be glad enough to creep to Chautauqua on my knees. Her life has been a fountain of strength to me. In ten long years I have never seen the look of pain out of her eyes, and for more than half so long I have seen her sitting in patient helplessness, and I have never heard a complaining murmur from her lips while she has served as those who only stand and wait, never questioning and never doubting the wisdom and the goodness of the Father whose hand had been laid upon her so heavily. The beautiful patience of her life has been a constant rebuke to my own impatience, and in her sufferings I have seen and known and believed the "love that knows no fear" and the faith that "knows no doubt."

Such a letter needs no comment; it tells its own story.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Speculation as to the Word "Yankee."

There is a familiar poem, reciting the tragic fate of a grasshopper attacked by a turkey, which runs thus:

"A grasshopper sat on a sweet-potato vine,
Sweet-potato vine, sweet-potato vine,
A big wild turkey came running up behind,
And yanked the poor grasshopper
Off the sweet-potato vine, sweet-potato vine."

This little classic is quoted by Professor Skeat in his great Etymological Dictionary to illustrate the derivation of the word Yankee. This he traces to the verb "to yank," *i. e.*, to jerk, Yankee, therefore, meaning quick-moving, and hence spry, smart, active. The same verb in Dutch and German is "jagen."—*Boston Journal.*

There are a variety of little circumstances in life which, like pins in a lady's dress, are necessary for keeping it together, and giving it neatness and elegance.—*Beecher*. Ah, ha! So the old man has noticed 'em too. However, the above was written before the invention of the blessed safety pins, we have no doubt.—*Peck's Sun.*

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

A Curious Account of the Origin of the Well-Known Nursery Story.

As the occupations and pleasures of childhood produce a powerful impression on the memory, it is probable almost every reader who has passed his infantile day in an English nursery recollects the delight with which he repeated that puerile, jingling legend, "The House that Jack Built." Very few, however, says a writer in the London *Congregational Magazine*, are at all aware of the original form of its composition, or the particular subject it was designed to illustrate. Fewer still would suspect that it is only an accommodated and altered translation of an ancient parabolical hymn sung by the Jews at the feast of the Passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. Yet such is actually the fact. The original, in the Chaldee language, is now lying before me, and I will here furnish them with a literal translation of it, and then add the interpretation as given by P. N. Lebrecht, Leipsic, 1731. The hymn itself is found in Sepher Haggadah, volume 23:

1. A kid, a kid, my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

2. Then came the cat and ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

3. Then came the dog, that bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

4. Then came the staff, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

5. Then came the fire, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

6. Then came the water and quenched the fire
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

7. Then came the ox, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

8. Then came the butcher and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

9. Then came the angel of death and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

10. Then came the Holy One, blessed be He,
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation:

1. The kid, which is one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father by whom it was purchased is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

4. The staff signified the Persians.

5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great.

6. The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whom the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the chaliphate.

8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the crusaders by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to whom it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.

Texas the Place for Hunters.

Let the hunter come to Ysleta and procure a good saddle animal and one for packing his traps and start for the Guadalupe or Waco Mountains. The large cinnamon or brown bear, second in ferocity and size to the dreaded grizzly of California; the well-known black bear, deer, panther, Mexican lion, fox, turkey and a species of elk with which these mountains are filled, while on the plains the antelope is found in endless quantites, going in herds from fifty to to two hundred; and the mountain streams, of which the Black River and the Blue River are the most noted, are filled with mountain trout, and the lakes are covered with ducks, including the mallard, grayback and all the varieties of teal. In the low country and along the river are found the noted California quail and sage hen. The quail are of a species that are very easily netted and their abundance can best be illustrated by the fact that last year two of our citizens netted over 2,500.—*El Paso Times.*

A Silver Lamp Three Hundred Years Old.

While engaged in improving the ground around the old Catholic church in Ysleta some parties dug out of the ground a large silver lamp. Investigation and research proved that it had been brought over to this country from Spain about 1543 by Cordovan, the well-known prospector and settler. The lamp is of the very finest silver and very heavy and valuable. It was sent to Santa Fe, New Mexico, where it was cleaned and burnished and returned to the church, an object of curiosity as well as a valuable relic and ornament. This church was constructed in the year 1630, under the auspices of the Franciscan friars.—*El Paso Times.*

Advancement of the Race.

Hopeless people are continually lamenting the decay of the finer qualities of the race—but those who stop to consider the matter will see that there is no great cause for such complaints. There is advancement in all the ways of life. The general level is on the rise all the time. A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* says: As an advanced science implies an advanced art—the progress of the two being ever conditioned upon each other—so the great advances of the sciences and arts imply a corresponding development of human intelligence. The principle of action and reaction prevails in the world of mind as in the world of matter, and while the human intellect, by cogent applications of its powers, has established multitudinous differentiations in things once inextricably intermingled, a corresponding differentiation an specialization of its own powers has inevitably resulted. But specialization of function being the direct evidence of its greater perfection, it is incontrovertible that the multiplication of specializations of knowledge by human inquiry has resulted in improvements of the power of the human mind. The strain now put on human power to keep pace with the advances already made is an assurance that there will be in the future no lack of occasion for continual mental development. All departments of human enterprise have in truth been already so marvelously developed as to defy the complete grasp of any but specialists of more than ordinary capacity. Croakers may find fault and stigmatize the advance of the age as mainly material. Never did carping criticism have poorer ground for its averments. The material advance is fully matched by the moral advance. Proofs of it are so multiplied as scarcely to deserve enumeration. Liberty to think boldly and to give free utterance to honest convictions is fast becoming a sacred principle of society. Liberty of person, and equal justice—irrespective of rank and wealth—are now almost everywhere recognized as divinest principles of government. The sick and unfortunate, instead of being left to die without aid or to pine through a miserable existence, are now everywhere provided for at the expense of those whom fortune has subjected to less severe trials. Sumptuary laws are now not only known to be useless but their principle is condemned. Private war has almost ceased to be waged; and the duty of revenge, once sanctioned by religion, has given place to the duty of forbearance and forgiveness. The well-being of one's neighbor is now universally felt to be the good fortune of one's self. Vast accumulations of wealth, instead of being squandered in the purchase of places and useless decorations for elevating one's self above his fellows, are now employed in educational, industrial and eleemosynary foundations.

Tattooing in France.

The unprogressive and the criminal class in civilized countries have many characteristics in common with the savage. The superstitious beliefs and magical practices of Scotch and French peasants can hardly be distinguished from those of Thlinkeets and Namaquas. But it rather surprises us, we confess, to find that, in France at least, the unprogressive classes freely tattoo themselves. The word tattoo is of South-Sea origin, and denotes the practice of covering the body with punctured designs, generally in colors. The savages of antique times—Britains, Germans, Africans, Asiatics—tattooed themselves, as we learn, from various texts in Harodotus, Tacitus, Cæsar and other authors less renowned, quoted by M. Berceon, in his "Historie Medicale de Tatouage." The study of savage tattooing has a double interest; it throws light on the early history of decorative art, and it illustrates the process by which almost all savage tribes come to conceive of themselves as descended from animals, and afterwards worked out a rude system of heraldry, engraving their chests and coat-armor on their naked bodies. On these topics we do not propose to enter to-day, but to follow Dr. Lacassagne's account of tattooing as a practice in the French army and by French criminals. It may not be true that if you catch a Russian you find a Tartar. The experiment might be dangerous, and many think it superfluous. But if you strip a French soldier, especially the soldier who has served in Africa, or who has often been under arrest, you certainly find the tattooed Aryan. Many pious pilgrims have themselves tattooed with sacred devices of Jerusalem. Dr. Lacassagne has copied the *tatouage* of a pilgrim who assures him that the Grand Duke Nicholas was tattooed at the same time as himself. There are professional tattooers in Paris and Lyons, who charge one-half franc for each design. Generally the tattooer has designs on paper, and reproduces these on the skin by a mechanical process. Large designs cost a good deal. A big representation of an Indian holding up the flag of the United States costs the decorated person fifteen francs. China ink is the coloring substance preferred, touched up with vermillion. Dr. Lacassagne has collected 1,333 designs, tattooed on 378 members of the Second African battalion, or on men under arrest in military prisons. Most of the men were of the criminal classes, who passed a good deal of time under arrest, and therefore had leisure to devote to decorative art. Many were tattooed on on every part of the body, except the inside of the the thighs.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

He Rode the Bull.

He was a wild Western cowboy, who was offered a calf that didn't belong to anybody in particular, if he would ride a wild bull without saddle and bridle. He jumped from his horse, looked to his spurs, and leaped upon the bull with his face to the animal's tail, setting his spurs deep into the flanks of the infuriated beast. The bull flung his head to the ground, but the rider held on to the tail, and kept his seat. With another roar the bull rushed off and out upon the prairie. The race continued for a mile and a half, the whole crowd following on their horses. The bull plunged now and then into the sage brush, with the idea of ridding himself of his burden, but it was of no use, and the sharp rowels kept pricking him on. At last, exhausted with fright and fatigue, he fell to the ground, and the cowboy, stepping off, came back like the prodigal son, for his well-earned calf.

In Ducker vs. State, the Oregon Supreme Court lately heard a case in which the facts were that A by mistake paid to B a roll of $20 gold pieces, supposing it to be a roll of half dollars. B subsequently discovered the mistake, and knew who was the owner, but nevertheless then appropriated the money to his own use, and refused on demand to make restitution. The court held that he was guilty of larceny.

Washington Etiquette.

Questions of etiquette are sometimes very troublesome in Washington, and all the more because very many of the denizens of that city, who come from distant and rural homes, know and care nothing about etiquette. How little the honorable gentleman from Symmes' Hole suspects, as he is asked to take Mrs. Senator Red Velvet to dinner, that the chair in which he shall sit, and the lady whom he shall hand out have been subjects of long and anxious deliberation. It is easy to call on Wormley, or Welcker, or Pinard, or some other *chef*, and order a dinner for twenty. But who who shall sit where, and shall hand whom?—these are the questions which cause vexation and anguish. A distinguished official gentleman in Washington gave a noble repast in honor of a noted guest. It was ordered of the proper purveyor. "Now," said the host, when he had bade no expense be spared, "I don't know anything about the business of seating people correctly. You must attend to that, too." The purveyor went straight to another distinguished man, who had not been invited to the dinner because it would not be agreeable to some other distinguished man who was invited, and distinguished man number one was immensely amused that he was called upon to seat the guests at a dinner to which he was not himself invited.

It is all the more perplexing because, although Washington is always full of official persons who are really indifferent to etiquette, and who greet it with a hearty democratic laugh, yet because of its official population there has been from the first especial attention paid by experts to the subject. Washington took grave counsel upon it, and Hamilton gave him some canons of behavior in writing, and there is alleged to be a more rigid system of social etiquette among official persons in Washington than is to be found in any circle elsewhere in the country. There are asserted to be due rules for the "first calling" of Senators' wives, and the wives of the members of the Cabinet and of Justices of the Supreme Court. Precedence at table is also a knotty point involving great trouble of soul. Some years ago a Senator gave a dinner to which the Secretary of State was invited. When dinner was announced, the host turned to the senior Senator, the dean of the Senatorial Chamber, and asked him to take the lady of the house to the table. The senior Senator hesitated, saying to his colleague that the Secretary of State was in the room. "Pshaw! we Senators make Secretaries of State," was the answer; and the host insisted that in his house nobody should precede the dean of his own body.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Good Luck.

Rev. A. E. Lawrence gave some good advice, that is worth repeating, to the graduating class of the Newton High School. "I hope," he said, "none of you belong to that most unfortunate class who imagine themselves lifted above the necessity of effort; who think that their family position, or their father's wealth, or a little money of their own, is going to bring the world to them, and that the oyster is quietly coming to open itself for them when they are ready to eat it. The oyster is a great deal more likely to swallow them."

A classmate said to me, when we were leaving college together, "Well, good-by, now, good-by; we will meet again on the floor of the Senate chamber at Washington."

We have never met there yet, and the chances are growing small that we ever shall. Nor has it been altogether my fault. The world swallowed him up after commencement, and nothing has ever been heard of him from that day to this.

In this struggling life there is no place for "lucky" men. The prizes are for the workers. "Why are you in such haste?" said one the other day to a man who has made his mark in the world. "Why not wait and see what will turn up?"

"Turn up!" he replied, "I never knew anything to turn up for me in this world unless I turned it up!"

He who trusts to good luck to bring the world round to him just when he gets ready for it, will find himself like the clown in Horace, waiting on the bank for the stream to flow by, that he may pass over without wetting his feet.

Dr. Holmes' Advice to a Young Writer.

In "A Literary Confession," Mr. Eugene L. Didier says: "Men rush into print without training, study or preparation. They use too many words to express too few ideas." Discouraged by his failure ten years ago to dispose of his first magazine article, which was entitled "The Grandeur of Human Destiny," he wrote to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, asking for a situation as an amanuensis. Dr. Holmes made this characteristic reply: "I am not (as I am often supposed to be) an editor, and have no writing to do which I am not competent to do myself, with a little occasional aid from members of my own family. * * * Most of our writers are as poor as rats themselves, and no more able to keep an amanuensis than they are to set up a coach and six. I do not know how to advise you beyond this simple counsel, which I have occasionally given to young aspirants. If you think you have literary talent, write something for the best paper or magazine you can get into; keep to one signature, and you will be found out by a public which is ready to pay the highest price for almost any kind of literary ability. If you do not think you can make a reputation, why not become a reporter to a newspaper? I do not turn from your petition with cold indifference, but it is utterly out of my power to do more than to give you these few words of friendly advice."

Is the Moon Inhabited?

From what is now known of the moon it is certain that if that body is inhabited it must be by beings organized very differently from the human race or any animals on the earth. The moon is without water and without atmosphere; and, owing to the fact that it revolves on its axis but once a month, so that the lunar days and nights are each nearly thirty times as long as our days and nights, the extremes of heat and cold range every month from 400 degrees Fahrenheit above zero to 300 below. In the midst of such conditions no form of animal or vegetable life known to this planet could possibly exist; and it is generally agreed among astronomers that the moon is utterly barren of life in any form.

A clergyman, in a lecture on "How to Get Married," said: "Every man wants a wife, and every woman wants a husband. But the great difficulty is that the woman the man wants won't have him, and the man the woman wants wants some other woman."

Deaf and Dumb Barbers.

A man dressed in a thin summer woolen suit and a dilapidated straw hat entered our sanctum.

"Sir," he said, "you see before you a reminder of the summer's sun, so to speak. I am not from the tropics, neither am I dressed for enjoying all the comforts of a trip in search of the North pole. Excuse me, no North pole for me," and his teeth chattered, while a quiver of icy chilliness seemed to run across his whole frame.

"Are you cold?" we asked. "If so, walk up by the stove and get warm."

"No, sir, no! warm as the sportive African who swings his juvenile upon the equatorial line. I am needy, busted, broke, sir. You see before you a speculator whose cart is keeled over and broken, with the horses on a run so far ahead a greased streak of lightning cannot overtake 'em. Six months since I started a barber shop. Now, thinks I, I'll strike a new beat. So I just goes and hires four deaf and dumb tonsorial artists and then put up notices that customers coming to my shop would have a quiet shave by deaf and dumb barbers and no questions asked. The thing took on the start, but, when the confounded barbers pulled their slates and began writing out the usual questions, blow me if I didn't discover that I was a ruined man. Yes, sir, barbers is barbers; and, when I closed my shop, busted up and started on a tramp, I just says to myself it's no use. If dead men could be learned to handle the razor over a man's face, the blamed things would have spiritual mejiums asking their victims the same old line of questions—Ah, thank yer, sir; ta-ta. With this dime I'll send a counter-irritant down my throat that'll knock the thinness out of this summer suit and give my stomach a cleaner shave than any barber can." And, as the shattered vase retired, the perfume of the roses remained in the sanctum until an open window restored the natural tone of the atmosphere.—*Whitehall Times.*

Ancient Mexico.

Readers who know anything of Central America—Yucatan, part of Mexico, and Gautemala, and the wonderful ruins of temples and towns built in ages long, long ago—will hear with pleasure that a scientific archæological expedition is to be sent under the authority of France and the United States, to make further explorations in that mysterious country. The chief promoter of the expedition is Mr. Peter Lorillard, of New York, by whom the greater part of the cost will be borne. In numbers and equipment nothing will be lacking; casts of the important bas-reliefs and inscriptions will be taken, whereby scholars in all parts of the world will be enabled to study relics of civilization not less interesting than the old monuments of Egypt and Assyria. From what is already known, it is supposed that the builders of these temples had intimate relations with Cambodia and Java, if they were not actually emigrants from those countries. Interesting affinities have been made out by linguistic students, some of whom believe that the table-land of Peru, and not that of Asia, was the cradle of the human race; and that the Hittites of Scripture, during their wanderings settled in Peru, and erected the buildings which now excite our astonishment. Hence it will be understood that something may be discovered that will throw light on primeval history. The hill-country of Yucatan is almost unknown. It is reported that the inhabitants—a fierce tribe named Mayas—"have reconstructed the old towns with their forts and temples, and revived many of the customs, laws, and idolatrous rites of their forefathers." The explorers will visit these people, and also endeavor to find traces of the tribes that preceded the Aztecs.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Out of His Year.

While talking with James Milton Sherrod, the other day, the letter-carrier pulled out of his pocket a very handsome agate, rounded and worn smooth by constant use as an ear ornament. It had a hole drilled through the top, and by a deer's sinew this trinket had formerly been suspended from the ear of some Sioux brave. The work on the stone showed the crude and patient efforts of the untutored red man. On being asked how he secured the agate, Mr. Sherrod, whittling off some black tobacco with a butcher knife, rubbed it in the palm of his hand a while, and then, after putting it in his pipe and trying ineffectually for a long time to light it, said:

"I got it up in the Black Hills in '76. A lot of Sioux Indians ambuscaded me one evening in the form of a horse-shoe, and I had to cut my way through. I killed several of them and the rest lit out. When I come to assess the dead, I found a big fellow wearing this here agate and tied on with a deer's sinner, and I just yanked it out of his year. There was another one in his other year that I got, but I lost it. It was the exact fact similar of this here one."—*Laramie Boomerang.*

Preparations for War.

Admiral Gulliver Green offered the following preamble and resoution:

"Whereas, Dis kentry am liable to sass some furrin nashun any day in de week an' git a war on its hands; an'

"Whereas, In case of a war wid some European power our watermellyon patches could easily be bombarded by de inemy as de case now stands; darefore

"Resolved, Dat it am de sentiment of dis club dat dis kentry be at once purvided with a navy powerful 'nuff to afford us security and proteckshun from war's disasters."

"De resolution will be laid on de stove fur de next six months," said the President, as he calmly arose. "In case of war it will be just as cheap to buy de enemy off as to build a navy, an' de plan won't offer half as many chances for stealin' de people stone blind. Dis nashun has had fight 'nuff to last it for fifty y'ars to come, an' if any man indulges in 'sass' he will find no backers among de people. We have got navy 'nuff to take de President to Long Branch an' back, an' any increase would be a waste of de public money."

An old lady who was in the habit of declaring, after the occurrence of any event, that she predicted it, was one day cleverly "sold" by her worthy spouse, who, like many others we wot of, had got tired of hearing her eternal "I told you so." Rushing into the house breathless with excitement, he dropped into a chair, elevated his hands and exclaimed: "Oh, my dear, what do you think? The old cow has gone and eaten up our grindstone!" The old lady was ready, and hardly waiting to hear the last word, she screamed out at the top of her lungs: "I told you so! You always would let it stand out of doors!"

[Written for The Chicago Ledger.]

THAT LITTLE COAT.

BY MRS. J. V. H. KOONS.

There was a man, 'tis sad to tell,
Lived in our famous city,
Whom none that ever knew him well
Could either love or pity.
He was no bigger than a mouse—
I do not stretch the story;
He had a tiny, old-time house,
Illumined with his glory.
He had a coat, this little man,
He fit exactly in it,
No longer than a half a span,
Nor wider than a minute;
Thread-bare and old and dirty blue,
Yet all who ventured near him
He'd squeeze into that coat—'tis true—
Till folks were taught to fear him.
It was the coat his father wore,
Yea, father's father's father;
And yet he'd worry, tease and bore,
Annoy, vex and bother
All that he met about that coat
And its eternal fitness
For high and low of every note
Who could its virtue witness.
Now don't you wish he could have seen
The folly of this passion,
And let his neighbors choose between
His and some other fashion?

MUNCIE, Ind.

ONE SOFT MAY DAY.

BY ILDEGERTE.

Kissed by a rose, one soft May day,
A lily in the garden blowing—
Kissed by a rose, one soft May day,
A lily in the garden growing.
Be my bride, oh! lily fair,
Be my bride, my pale white queen.
The lilly smiled with radiant air,
Smiling sweetly and serene.

Kissed by a rose, one soft May day,
A lily crushed was dying—
Kissed by a rose, one soft May day,
A fragile fragment lying.
My bride is a corpse, the rose had said,
And the air was full of its breath;
My fair white queen is lying dead,
And I, * * * the cause of her death.

A red, red rose, one soft May day,
Was missed from the garden flowers;
The daisy sighed for the bright red ray,
So beautiful in the morning hours.
The flowers came where the red rose lay,
Dead and purple, on the lily's breast,
And sad were the hearts, that soft May day—
The red, red rose had gone to its rest.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The true bed-bug is said to be found in cliff swallows' nests.

The number of different uses for the bamboo is estimated at 500.

The number of earthquakes in Japan during the past 1500 years is 149.

American beer for Germany is an important addition to our export trade.

Weasels hunt in couples, and sometimes more than two work together.

In the course of five years, from 1779 to 1784 Mesmer magnetized 8,000 persons.

In Sicily the total quantity of sulphur annually melted is estimated at 390,000 tons.

The Australian exchange names with Europeans, as a proof of brotherly affection.

Since 1865 the ratio of suicides has been greater in the kingdom of Saxony than any other part of Europe.

A large whale committed suicide by hanging himself with the telegraphic cable laid across the Persian Gulf.

An English superstition is that if the ear-lobe hang below the line of the mouth, its possessor will be hanged.

A swarm of locusts observed near Boulder City, Colorado, traveled sixty-six miles to eastern Kansas and Missouri.

Falcons are the swiftest of birds. One sent from the Canaries to Spain returned in six hours, the distance being 780 miles.

The following sentence of only thirty-four letters contains all the letters in the alphabet: "John quickly extemporized five tow bags."

A gentleman, having suffered a severe blow on the head, found on recovery that he had lost his knowledge of Greek, but had not suffered any other loss of memory.

Tigers are said to be plentiful throughout Siberia, where they remain through the winter. They are said to be larger than the Himalayan specimens, and to have hair five inches in length.

At the present time in Spain the correct place of dating a letter should be from "this *your* house;" one must never say from "this *my* house," as politeness requires him to place it at the disposition of his correspondent.

In New York and Chicago, telegraph wires are being put under ground, and it is possible that the time is coming when the underground method of telegraphing will be in vogue all over the country, as it is in Germany.

Ostrich farming, is, next to wool and diamonds, the most important industry of Southern Africa. It was not successful until the eggs were hatched by a patent incubator, the parent bird not performing her duty well in confinement.

It is suggested that the derivation of London is from the Celtic Luan, the moon, and a dun, a city on a hill. That it was "the city of the moon" is all the more probable from the tradition that the site of St. Paul's was formerly that of a temple of Diana.

The greatest flood ever known on the Mississippi was that of 1844, which swept away the levees, overflowed the entire country, filled up the swamps and remained at high-water mark for months. It was due to the unscientific construction of the levees.

Incident of the War.

Artemus Ward once said he "would love to die for his country, but, if it was all the same to the country, he would like to die of old age." An amusing anecdote, which shows that Artemus' philosophy is widely entertained, is told by a writer in the Philadelphia *Times*. It was told by one of the boys who were present at the battle of Murfreesboro', Tenn.

When the lines of both armies were advancing to the charge, a rabbit, or more properly a hare, was aroused from his quiet seclusion immediately in front of the Confederate line, and went bounding away to the security of the hills, making at each jump a large exhibit of white bunting.

In the line there was a great, raw-boned North Georgian, who was celebrated for his indomitable courage and reckless bravery.

He had the reputation of being willing to fight anything, and was supposed not to know the meaning of fear; but his apostrophe to the vanishing rabbit not only put the matter in a different light, but caused a burst of laughter from all who heard it. He said:

"Go it, little cotton-tail! Go it while you've a chance. I'd run, too, if I didn't have any more reputation at stake than you've got!"

The poor fellow never returned from the charge. He had lost his chance of running.

Marble Heads in a Gold Mine.

Dr. Cary Cox has a gold mine in Cherokee County. The other day the hands were sinking a shaft, and when six feet below they came upon two pieces of marble hewn into the shape and size of the human head. The work had evidently been done with good tools and, while not entirely finished, showed that it was a skilled artist who handled the chisel. The heads were found under six feet of clay, which, to all appearances, had never been disturbed and lay directly upon a bed of slate. Near the mine is a bed of marble, such as the heads are hewn from. The question is, who made the heads and how did they get under six feet of clay?—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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ACROSS THE STREET.

When dawn was lighting the rosy heavens,
At four in summer, in winter seven,
Ere Phœbus glowed,
Or yet the city had turned in its bed,
There by the window, with needle and thread,
She sat and sewed.

And, as the hand so busily plied
A baby boy played soft by her side
The whole day long;
And sad and sweet in the evening mild
Were heard the voices of mother and child
In gentle song.

'Mid toil and trouble, and dire despair,
The child's smile solaced the mother's care
Thro' dreary years;
For the little one had his father's face
That faded away from her fond embrace
With burning tears.

But there came a day when the song was still
And the needle stopped at the window-sill,
For the babe was low;
And there came a day when the boy was dead
And cold and pale in his little bed
Where the violets blow.

No longer the woman sits and sews,
No longer the tear of sorrow flows
Or memories throng;
[illegible]
Are blended again in the evening mild
In angel song.
—*David Graham Adee.*

GRANDPAPA'S OLD COAT.

"Only one silk and that not new! Dear me, dear me, it is dreadful!" and Aunt Grayson caught up the pretty bodice of the garment in question, and gave it a spiteful little shake. Kathie, hemming ruffles by the window, laughed.

"What can't be helped must be endured; there's no help for it, auntie," she said.

"Yes, there was help for it," cried the lady, tossing the bodice from her, "if you had taken my advice; but you must go and act like a simpleton! The idea of a girl of your age giving away her hard earnings, and then getting married without a decent change of clothing! I declare it is too absurd. And you are making such a good match, too! Charles Montague comes of one of the best families in the country, and he'll be rich one of these days, though he may be poor at the start, and you, having as good as thrown your money away, can contribute nothing—not even able to buy your own clothes, which every wife ought to do."

"At which time, let us hope, my scanty wardrobe will be replenished," said Kathie, merrily.

Her aunt frowned contemptuously.

"But what are you to do now?" she went on. "What do you think Mrs. Montague, of Oaklands, will think of you, when she sees your outfit?"

"Not one whit less than she thinks of me to-day," answered Kathie, stoutly, "or I should be greatly mistaken in my estimate of her character."

Mrs. Grayson laughed in scorn.

"You poor little simpleton! Wait until you know the world as I know it, and you'll change your tune. I tell you, Kathie, appearance is everything. Your bridegroom himself will feel ashamed of you when he sees you in the midst of his stately sisters, in the grand rooms of Oakland."

Kathie winced, but she answered bravely: "I don't think Charlie will ever feel ashamed of me, or I should give him up to-day."

"Wait until he sees you in your shabby garments."

"Shabby garments!" said Kathie, opening her bright brown eyes. "My garments are not shabby, auntie. I am quite sure I never looked shabby in my whole life."

Mrs. Grayson glanced at the trim, graceful little figure. The close-fitting blue merino was faultless; the linen cuffs and collars were as spotless as snow. Kathie was right; she never looked shabby. Her garments seemed to be part and parcel of herself, like the glossy feathers and black tuft of a canary. Yet these garments were usually made of all sorts of odds and ends, for Kathie was poor, and obliged to be rigidly economical. But she was possessed of that tact, or talent, or whatever it may be called, which is more to a woman than beauty or fortune; enabling her by the mere skill of her willing fingers and artist soul, to make life, her home, her own person, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Mrs. Grayson, Kathie's well-to-do aunt, with daughters of her own, who trailed their silks in the dust and tumbled their laces and plumes and looked dowdy all the while, regarded the trim little figure by the window with a half admiring, half contemptuous smile.

"You are rather a pretty girl, Kathie," continued her aunt, "and you understand the art of getting yourself up in good style. What you've got will do well enough, perhaps, but there's so little of it. Your bridal outfit is shameful. What will you do for carriage dresses, and dinner dresses, and evening dresses, when you are Charles' wife? Why, when I was a bride I had everything; a round dozen of silks of every hue, poplins, merinoes, tissues, and a half dozen sorts of wraps. I didn't go to James Grayson bare of clothes, I tell you."

Kathie said nothing for a moment, but bent over her ruffles, her bright eyes dim with tears; then answering, "You may well say that, aunt; but is it kind that you should tantalize me, when you know that your father was a rich man, while mine was poor, and my uncle, with all his promising to me, died leaving me nothing."

"Such a simpleton as you've been," her aunt continued, "after toiling and teaching for your money, to turn round and give it away! I declare it puts me out of temper to think of it."

"What else could I do?" the girl burst out, passionately. "Could I see poor George's children turned into the street?"

"Assuredly," answered the lady cooly, "he could have rented a house easy enough. In your place, I should have kept my money in my pocket; but you wouldn't listen to my advice. You are sorry for it now, no doubt."

"I am not sorry. I would do the same thing again to-morrow. I'm glad I had the money to pay poor George's debt, and I don't care if even I should look shabby."

"Very well, I shall not try to care, either. I shan't help you; I told you that in the beginning; I can't afford it, and even if I could I should not feel it my duty. You would be headstrong and senseless, you must bear the consequences. I'll give you some lace for your neck and sleeves, and you may have the garnet set of Josephine's."

"I am perfectly aware of your not caring, though you are my aunt; but I don't want the lace, nor should anything induce me to wear borrowed garments. Besides I have some very fine lace which belonged to my dear, dead mother, which I shall wear in remembrance of her, knowing how happy she would be, were she alive and with me, at the event that is soon to take place."

"Oh! very well; don't snap my head off, I beg; you needn't wear them. Much thanks one gets for trying to assist you. You won't wear any hat either, I suppose."

"I have plenty of trimmings; I shall trim that light felt I wore last winter."

"And your jacket? Where's that to come from, pray?"

Kathie's tears were gone, and her brown eyes flashed like stars as she answered, "I intend to make myself a jacket of grandfather's coat."

Her aunt threw back her head and laughed boisterously, as she went on "Grandfather's old coat! oh, that is too good. What would Mrs. Montague say to that? Kathie, child, what a goose you are!"

Kathie threw aside her ruffles, and going to the clothes-press, brought out the old coat.

"The material is very fine," she said, "and this rich, old-fashioned fur will cut into nice strips for trimming. Oh, I am sure that I can make a handsome jacket out of it, and I think," she added, softly, "grandpapa would like to have me have it, if he knew."

"Grandpapa, indeed!" echoed Mrs. Grayson. "I should think you'd have but little respect for his memory, after the manner he treated you in never leaving you a penny after having nursed him and slaved for him night and day for all those years."

"I have no doubt he intended to leave me something," said Kathie. "I know he did; but he died so suddenly, and put off alterating his will until it was impossible to do so."

"Oh, nonsense! I wouldn't give a fig for good intentions! He had lots of money—everybody knows that; it has all gone to that scapegrace, Dugald, and leaving you without a shilling for your wedding dowry."

"Charlie won't mind that," said Kathie, her cheeks blooming like a rose.

"Won't he? Don't tell me, child! Every one thought you would be old Tom Rowland's heiress when you found Mr. Montague. Ten to one he'd never have given you a second thought but for that. Now, that he's disappointed, he's too much of a man to back out, of course, but he feels it all the same. Don't tell me, I know men better than you."

Kathie uttered no word in answer. She took the old coat, and, crossing to the window, sat down to rip it apart. Her wedding day was drawing near, and there was no time to lose. Mrs. Grayson settled herself on the lounge for an afternoon nap; the big Maltese cat purred on the rug; the canary chirped lazily in her cage; and, without, above the waving line of the wooded ridge, the December sunset glowed.

Kathie began to rip the strong, closely stitched seams, her pretty, fresh face looking sad, but not hopeless. Aunt Grayson's world-wise talk had somewhat hurt her from its unkindness, or rather heartlessness.

All her life she had been such a brave, sweet little soul. Left an orphan early, she had lived with her grandfather, and made his last days bright. He said to her more than once: "You're a dear child, Kathie; by-and-by, when you think of being a bride, I'll give you a wedding dowry."

Yet, after his sudden death one midwinter night there was no mention of Kathie found in the will, and everything went to Dugald, the son of a second marriage.

Kathie did not complain, but it cut her to the heart to think that after all she had been utterly forgotten. She tried to believe that there was some mistake, but it was very hard to do so.

And when Dugald sold out the old homestead, gathered up the funds and went off to America, she gathered up all the souvenirs and took care of them. The old fur-trimmed overcoat was one, and this was distinguished from all the rest by having a card appended to it, on which was her full name.

Then boarding at her aunt's, she taught the village children, and saved up her earnings for her marriage-day, for Charles Montague had asked her to be his wife.

The wedding-day was appointed, and Kathie was beginning with a fluttering heart to think about making her purchases, when her brother George fell ill; and worse, got into trouble. He was rather a thriftless man and had been unfortunate; his little home was mortgaged, and unless the debt could be repaid the house would be sold over his head. Kathie heard and did not hesitate an instant. Her hoarded earnings went to pay the debt.

She did not regret her generosity sitting there in the glow of the waning sunset; she would have done the same thing again. She did not doubt her handsome, high-born lover's loyalty, yet her girl's heart ached, and tears dimmed her clear, bright eyes.

It was bad to be so cramped for a little money, and one's wedding-day so near. Her wardrobe was limited and sadly needed replenishing. Aunt Grayson told the truth; she would look shabby in the grand rooms at the Oakland, in the midst of Charlie's statly sisters!

The tears came faster, and presently the sharp pearl-handled knife, with which she was ripping the seams, slipped suddenly, and cut a gash across the breast of the coat.

Kathie gave a shriek of dismay.

"There, now, I've spoiled the best of the cloth; I can't get a jacket from the much abused old coat. What shall I do?"

Down went the bright young head, and with her face buried in grandpapa's old coat, Kathie cried as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Grayson sneered on the lounge, the Maltese cat purred before the hearth, the canary twittered, and out above the wintry hills the sunset fires glowed in golden glory.

Her cry out, Kathie raised her head, dried her eyes, and went on with her ripping, when something rustled under her hands.

"Why, what's this? Some of grandpapa's papers!"

She tore the lining loose, and there, beneath the wadding, was a package done up in parchment, and tied with red tape, and addressed in a clear hand to herself!

Kathie drew it forth. One side was marked: "This package belongs to my granddaughter, Kathie."

"Why, what can it be?" cried Kathie, her fingers fluttering as she tugged at the tape.

At last the knot yielded, and she unfolded the package. Folded coupon bonds—a round dozen at least—and a thick layer of crisp bank notes. On the top lay a little note. She read it.

"My dear little granddaughter, here is your marriage dower. Two thousand pounds. One day, some fine fellow—none other I trust—will claim you for his wife. You are a treasure in yourself, but take this from old grandpapa as a light remembrance for all your care and kindness to him."

"Oh, grandpapa, then you did not forget me!" sobbed Kathie.

A ring at the door at that moment startled her. She looked out and saw her lover. Gathering her treasures into the lap of her ruffled apron, she rushed out to meet him.

"Oh, Charlie, come in quick; I've got some wonderful news to tell you!"

The young man followed her into the drawing-room, wondering what had happened.

"Oh! Charlie," she cried breathlessly, holding up her apron, her eyes shinning, her cheeks aglow; "see here; I'm a rich girl after all! I've found my marriage dower. A minute ago I was so poor, and had nothing to give you with me. I had to give poor George all my money and I've only one silk; and had to trim my old hat over, and auntie laughed at me so, and said you would feel ashamed of me. I was cutting up grandpapa's old overcoat to make a jacket, and I found this. Only see; two thousand pounds. Oh, Charlie! I'm so glad for your sake."

The young man bent down and kissed the sweet, tremulous mouth with a full, glowing heart as he said:

"My darling," his voice thrilling with tenderness, "I'm glad of all this because you are glad. For my own part I would rather have these dear little hands without a shilling in them. You need no dowry, Kathie, you are crowned with beauty and purity, and goodness, and what could I wish more? In my eyes you are always fresh and fair and lovely, no matter what you wear. I love you for your own sweet self, rich or poor."

Kathie left the folded bank coupons and notes slip from her apron and fall to the floor in a rustling shower.

"Oh, Charlie!" she whispered, leaning her head against his shoulder, "I am so glad."

"Glad of what, Kathie—grandpapa's dowry?"

"No; glad you love me for myself."

He clasped her closely, and at their feet grandpapa's marriage dowry lay almost unheeded.

Her aunt and her cousins, though they pretended to be pleased and to congratulate her, yet it was easy to see how thoroughly they were chagrined.

The marriage proved to be a happy one not only to the party directly concerned, but equally to "Mrs. Montague of Oaklands," and her proud, stylish daughters.

The money given to Kathie's brother's proved to be the making of him. He recovered his lost ground, and in a few years he had accumulated a handsome property, repaid his sister all that he owed though against her wishes, and showed to her how fortunate was the result of her liberality so heartily condemned by her aunt.

The Task of Writing.

Readers in general little know what pains writers and actors take and what troubles they endure in order to give them amusement or information. Thackeray's troubles cropped out in his writings, and no one who has read his Ballad of Bouillabaisse, and read between its lines, will forget his noble self-devotion to his suffering wife and little daughters. How Tom Hood wrote his best things on his bed when almost dying, and how Grimaldi, when suffering from melancholia, was advised to go and see that funny rogue, Grimaldi, are a few incidents that have let the public behind the scenes somewhat, but the pains and troubles of the majority, who are denounced as stupid or mere fools when their work had been done under circumstances which call for sympathy, will remain a sealed book. An instance which illustrates this patience and endurance of writers has just been made public. There are few newspaper readers in the United States who have not read and laughed with aching sides at the real humor of him who is known as the Burlington *Hawkeye* man; and the majority have probably imagined him as a round, rosy-cheeked disciple of Momus who kept his humor on tap all the time and turned it on for the amusement of the public just as the freak seized him. A letter of his declining an invitation to a college reunion has just found its way into the press which will put the matter in a different light. He says:

Mrs. Burdett's health—if the poor little sufferer's combination of aches and pains and helplessness may be designated by such a sarcastic appellation—has been steadily failing all winter, and we have come down to this seagirt island to see if Old Ocean and its breezes may do what the doctors and mountains and prairies have failed to do. And here we are waiting. "Her little serene highness" in utter helplessness, unable to stand alone (for years she has been unable to walk), her helpless hands folded in her lap; she must be dressed, carried about, cared for like a baby, suffering from countless pains and aches day and night, and I cannot leave her even for a few days. No one at Chautauqua will feel the disappointment as we do, for we had planned to go there together. If she could go with me, I would be glad enough to creep to Chautauqua on my knees. Her life has been a fountain of strength to me. In ten long years I have never seen the look of pain out of her eyes, and for more than half so long I have seen her sitting in patient helplessness, and I have never heard a complaining murmur from her lips while she has served as those who only stand and wait, never questioning and never doubting the wisdom and the goodness of the Father whose hand had been laid upon her so heavily. The beautiful patience of her life has been a constant rebuke to my own impatience, and in her sufferings I have seen and known and believed the "love that knows no fear" and the faith that "knows no doubt."

Such a letter needs no comment; it tells its own story.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Speculation as to the Word "Yankee."

There is a familiar poem, reciting the tragic fate of a grasshopper attacked by a turkey, which runs thus:

"A grasshopper sat on a sweet-potato vine,
Sweet-potato vine, sweet-potato vine,
A big wild turkey came running up behind,
And yanked the poor grasshopper
Off the sweet-potato vine, sweet-potato vine."

This little classic is quoted by Professor Skeat in his great Etymological Dictionary to illustrate the derivation of the word Yankee. This he traces to the verb "to yank," *i. e.*, to jerk, Yankee, therefore, meaning quick-moving, and hence spry, smart, active. The same verb in Dutch and German is "jagen."—*Boston Journal.*

There are a variety of little circumstances in life which, like pins in a lady's dress, are necessary for keeping it together, and giving it neatness and elegance.—*Beecher.* Ah, ha! So the old man has noticed 'em too. However, the above was written before the invention of the blessed safety pins, we have no doubt.—*Peck's Sun.*

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

A Curious Account of the Origin of the Well-Known Nursery Story.

As the occupations and pleasures of childhood produce a powerful impression on the memory, it is probable almost every reader who has passed his infantile day in an English nursery recollects the delight with which he repeated that puerile, jingling legend, "The House that Jack Built." Very few, however, says a writer in the London *Congregational Magazine*, are at all aware of the original form of its composition, or the particular subject it was designed to illustrate. Fewer still would suspect that it is only an accommodated and altered translation of an ancient parabolical hymn sung by the Jews at the feast of the Passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. Yet such is actually the fact. The original, in the Chaldee language, is now lying before me, and I will here furnish them with a literal translation of it, and then add the interpretation as given by P. N. Lebrecht, Leipsic, 1731. The hymn itself is found in Sepher Haggadah, volume 23:

1. A kid, a kid, my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

2. Then came the cat and ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

3. Then came the dog, that bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

4. Then came the staff, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

5. Then came the fire, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

6. Then came the water and quenched the fire
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

7. Then came the ox, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

8. Then came the butcher and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

9. Then came the angel of death and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

10. Then came the Holy One, blessed be He,
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money;
A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation:

1. The kid, which is one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father by whom it was purchased is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

4. The staff signified the Persians.

5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great.

6. The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whom the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the chaliphate.

8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the crusaders by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to whom it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.

Texas the Place for Hunters.

Let the hunter come to Ysleta and procure a good saddle animal and one for packing his traps and start for the Guadalupe or Waco Mountains. The large cinnamon or brown bear, second in ferocity and size to the dreaded grizzly of California; the well-known black bear, deer, panther, Mexican lion, fox, turkey and a species of elk with which these mountains are filled, while on the plains the antelope is found in endless quantites, going in herds from fifty to to two hundred; and the mountain streams, of which the Black River and the Blue River are the most noted, are filled with mountain trout, and the lakes are covered with ducks, including the mallard, grayback and all the varieties of teal. In the low country and along the river are found the noted California quail and sage hen. The quail are of a species that are very easily netted and their abundance can best be illustrated by the fact that last year two of our citizens netted over 2,500.—*El Paso Times.*

A Silver Lamp Three Hundred Years Old.

While engaged in improving the ground around the old Catholic church in Ysleta some parties dug out of the ground a large silver lamp. Investigation and research proved that it had been brought over to this country from Spain about 1543 by Cordovan, the well-known prospector and settler. The lamp is of the very finest silver and very heavy and valuable. It was sent to Santa Fe, New Mexico, where it was cleaned and burnished and returned to the church, an object of curiosity as well as a valuable relic and ornament. This church was constructed in the year 1630, under the auspices of the Franciscan friars.—*El Paso Times.*

Advancement of the Race.

Hopeless people are continually lamenting the decay of the finer qualities of the race—but those who stop to consider the matter will see that there is no great cause for such complaints. There is advancement in all the ways of life. The general level is on the rise all the time. A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* says: As an advanced science implies an advanced art—the progress of the two being ever conditioned upon each other—so the great advances of the sciences and arts imply a corresponding development of human intelligence. The principle of action and reaction prevails in the world of mind as in the world of matter, and while the human intellect, by cogent applications of its powers, has established multitudinous differentiations in things once inextricably intermingled, a corresponding differentiation an specialization of its own powers has inevitably resulted. But specialization of function being the direct evidence of its greater perfection, it is incontrovertible that the multiplication of specializations of knowledge by human inquiry has resulted in improvements of the power of the human mind. The strain now put on human power to keep pace with the advances already made is an assurance that there will be in the future no lack of occasion for continual mental development. All departments of human enterprise have in truth been already so marvelously developed as to defy the complete grasp of any but specialists of more than ordinary capacity. Croakers may find fault and stigmatize the advance of the age as mainly material. Never did carping criticism have poorer ground for its averments. The material advance is fully matched by the moral advance. Proofs of it are so multiplied as scarcely to deserve enumeration. Liberty to think boldly and to give free utterance to honest convictions is fast becoming a sacred principle of society. Liberty of person, and equal justice—irrespective of rank and wealth—are now almost everywhere recognized as divinest principles of government. The sick and unfortunate, instead of being left to die without aid or to pine through a miserable existence, are now everywhere provided for at the expense of those whom fortune has subjected to less severe trials. Sumptuary laws are now not only known to be useless but their principle is condemned. Private war has almost ceased to be waged; and the duty of revenge, once sanctioned by religion, has given place to the duty of forbearance and forgiveness. The well-being of one's neighbor is now universally felt to be the good fortune of one's self. Vast accumulations of wealth, instead of being squandered in the purchase of places and useless decorations for elevating one's self above his fellows, are now employed in educational, industrial and eleemosynary foundations.

Tattooing in France.

The unprogressive and the criminal class in civilized countries have many characteristics in common with the savage. The superstitious beliefs and magical practices of Scotch and French peasants can hardly be distinguished from those of Thlinkeets and Namaquas. But it rather surprises us, we confess, to find that, in France at least, the unprogressive classes freely tattoo themselves. The word tattoo is of South-Sea origin, and denotes the practice of covering the body with punctured designs, generally in colors. The savages of antique times—Britains, Germans, Africans, Asiatics—tattooed themselves, as we learn, from various texts in Harodotus, Tacitus, Cæsar and other authors less renowned, quoted by M. Berceon, in his "Historie Medicale de Tatouage." The study of savage tattooing has a double interest; it throws light on the early history of decorative art, and it illustrates the process by which almost all savage tribes come to conceive of themselves as descended from animals, and afterwards worked out a rude system of heraldry, engraving their chests and coat-armor on their naked bodies. On these topics we do not propose to enter to-day, but to follow Dr. Lacassagne's account of tattooing as a practice in the French army and by French criminals. It may not be true that if you catch a Russian you find a Tartar. The experiment might be dangerous, and many think it superfluous. But if you strip a French soldier, especially the soldier who has served in Africa, or who has often been under arrest, you certainly find the tattooed Aryan. Many pious pilgrims have themselves tattooed with sacred devices of Jerusalem. Dr. Lacassagne has copied the *tatouage* of a pilgrim who assures him that the Grand Duke Nicholas was tattooed at the same time as himself. There are professional tattooers in Paris and Lyons, who charge one-half franc for each design. Generally the tattooer has designs on paper, and reproduces these on the skin by a mechanical process. Large designs cost a good deal. A big representation of an Indian holding up the flag of the United States costs the decorated person fifteen francs. China ink is the coloring substance preferred, touched up with vermillion. Dr. Lacassagne has collected 1,333 designs, tattooed on 378 members of the Second African battalion, or on men under arrest in military prisons. Most of the men were of the criminal classes, who passed a good deal of time under arrest, and therefore had leisure to devote to decorative art. Many were tattooed on on every part of the body, except the inside of the thighs.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

He Rode the Bull.

He was a wild Western cowboy, who was offered a calf that didn't belong to anybody in particular, if he would ride a wild bull without saddle and bridle. He jumped from his horse, looked to his spurs, and leaped upon the bull with his face to the animal's tail, setting his spurs deep into the flanks of the infuriated beast. The bull flung his head to the ground, but the rider held on to the tail, and kept his seat. With another roar the bull rushed off and out upon the prairie. The race continued for a mile and a half, the whole crowd following on their horses. The bull plunged now and then into the sage brush, with the idea of ridding himself of his burden, but it was of no use, and the sharp rowels kept pricking him on. At last, exhausted with fright and fatigue, he fell to the ground, and the cowboy, stepping off, came back like the prodigal son, for his well-earned calf.

In Ducker vs. State, the Oregon Supreme Court lately heard a case in which the facts were that A by mistake paid to B a roll of $20 gold pieces, supposing it to be a roll of half dollars. B subsequently discovered the mistake, and knew who was the owner, but nevertheless then appropriated the money to his own use, and refused on demand to make restitution. The court held that he was guilty of larceny.

Washington Etiquette.

Questions of etiquette are sometimes very troublesome in Washington, and all the more because very many of the denizens of that city, who come from distant and rural homes, know and care nothing about etiquette. How little the honorable gentleman from Symmes' Hole suspects, as he is asked to take Mrs. Senator Red Velvet to dinner, that the chair in which he shall sit, and the lady whom he shall hand out have been subjects of long and anxious deliberation. It is easy to call on Wormley, or Welcker, or Pinard, or some other *chef*, and order a dinner for twenty. But who who shall sit where, and shall hand whom?—these are the questions which cause vexation and anguish. A distinguished official gentleman in Washington gave a noble repast in honor of a noted guest. It was ordered of the proper purveyor. "Now," said the host, when he had bade no expense be spared, "I don't know anything about the business of seating people correctly. You must attend to that, too." The purveyor went straight to another distinguished man, who had not been invited to the dinner because it would not be agreeable to some other distinguished man who was invited, and distinguished man number one was immensely amused that he was called upon to seat the guests at a dinner to which he was not himself invited.

It is all the more perplexing because, although Washington is always full of official persons who are really indifferent to etiquette, and who greet it with a hearty democratic laugh, yet because of its official population there has been from the first especial attention paid by experts to the subject. Washington took grave counsel upon it, and Hamilton gave him some canons of behavior in writing, and there is alleged to be a more rigid system of social etiquette among official persons in Washington than is to be found in any circle elsewhere in the country. There are asserted to be due rules for the "first calling" of Senators' wives, and the wives of the members of the Cabinet and of Justices of the Supreme Court. Precedence at table is also a knotty point involving great trouble of soul. Some years ago a Senator gave a dinner to which the Secretary of State was invited. When dinner was announced, the host turned to the senior Senator, the dean of the Senatorial Chamber, and asked him to take the lady of the house to the table. The senior Senator hesitated, saying to his colleague that the Secretary of State was in the room. "Pshaw! we Senators make Secretaries of State," was the answer; and the host insisted that in his house nobody should precede the dean of his own body.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Good Luck.

Rev. A. E. Lawrence gave some good advice, that is worth repeating, to the graduating class of the Newton High School. "I hope," he said, "none of you belong to that most unfortunate class who imagine themselves lifted above the necessity of effort; who think that their family position, or their father's wealth, or a little money of their own, is going to bring the world to them, and that the oyster is quietly coming to open itself for them when they are ready to eat it. The oyster is a great deal more likely to swallow them."

A classmate said to me, when we were leaving college together, "Well, good-by, now, good-by; we will meet again on the floor of the Senate chamber at Washington."

We have never met there yet, and the chances are growing small that we ever shall. Nor has it been altogether my fault. The world swallowed him up after commencement, and nothing has ever been heard of him from that day to this.

In this struggling life there is no place for "lucky" men. The prizes are for the workers. "Why are you in such haste?" said one the other day to a man who has made his mark in the world. "Why not wait and see what will turn up?"

"Turn up!" he replied, "I never knew anything to turn up for me in this world unless I turned it up!"

He who trusts to good luck to bring the world round to him just when he gets ready for it, will find himself like the clown in Horace, waiting on the bank for the stream to flow by, that he may pass over without wetting his feet.

Dr. Holmes' Advice to a Young Writer.

In "A Literary Confession," Mr. Eugene L. Didier says: "Men rush into print without training, study or preparation. They use too many words to express too few ideas." Discouraged by his failure ten years ago to dispose of his first magazine article, which was entitled "The Grandeur of Human Destiny," he wrote to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, asking for a situation as an amanuensis. Dr. Holmes made this characteristic reply: "I am not (as I am often supposed to be) an editor, and have no writing to do which I am not competent to do myself, with a little occasional aid from members of my own family. * * * Most of our writers are as poor as rats themselves, and no more able to keep an amanuensis than they are to set up a coach and six. I do not know how to advise you beyond this simple counsel, which I have occasionally given to young aspirants. If you think you have literary talent, write something for the best paper or magazine you can get into; keep to one signature, and you will be found out by a public which is ready to pay the highest price for almost any kind of literary ability. If you do not think you can make a reputation, why not become a reporter to a newspaper? I do not turn from your petition with cold indifference, but it is utterly out of my power to do more than to give you these few words of friendly advice."

Is the Moon Inhabited?

From what is now known of the moon it is certain that if that body is inhabited it must be by beings organized very differently from the human race or any animals on the earth. The moon is without water and without atmosphere; and, owing to the fact that it revolves on its axis but once a month, so that the lunar days and nights are each nearly thirty times as long as our days and nights, the extremes of heat and cold range every month from 400 degrees Fahrenheit above zero to 300 below. In the midst of such conditions no form of animal or vegetable life known to this planet could possibly exist; and it is generally agreed among astronomers that the moon is utterly barren of life in any form.

A clergyman, in a lecture on "How to Get Married," said: "Every man wants a wife, and every woman wants a husband. But the great difficulty is that the woman the man wants won't have him, and the man the woman wants wants some other woman."

Deaf and Dumb Barbers.

A man dressed in a thin summer woolen suit and a dilapidated straw hat entered our sanctum.

"Sir," he said, "you see before you a reminder of the summer's sun, so to speak. I am not from the tropics, neither am I dressed for enjoying all the comforts of a trip in search of the North pole. Excuse me, no North pole for me," and his teeth chattered, while a quiver of icy chilliness seemed to run across his whole frame.

"Are you cold?" we asked. "If so, walk up by the stove and get warm."

"No, sir, no! warm as the sportive African who swings his juvenile upon the equatorial line. I am needy, busted, broke, sir. You see before you a speculator whose cart is keeled over and broken, with the horses on a run so far ahead a greased streak of lightning cannot overtake 'em. [illegible] months since I started a barber shop. Now, thinks I, I'll strike a new beat. So I just goes and hires four deaf and dumb tonsorial artists and then put up notices that customers coming to my shop would have a quiet shave by deaf and dumb barbers and no questions asked. The thing took on the start, but, when the confounded barbers pulled their slates and began writing out the usual questions, blow me if I didn't discover that I was a ruined man. Yes, sir, barbers is barbers; and, when I closed my shop, busted up and started on a tramp, I just says to myself it's no use. If dead men could be learned to handle the razor over a man's face, the blamed things would have spiritual mejiums asking their victims the same old line of questions—Ah, thank yer, sir; ta-ta. With this dime I'll send a counter-irritant down my throat that'll knock the thinness out of this summer suit and give my stomach a cleaner shave than any barber can." And, as the shattered vase retired, the perfume of the roses remained in the sanctum until an open window restored the natural tone of the atmosphere.—*Whitehall Times.*

Ancient Mexico.

Readers who know anything of Central America—Yucatan, part of Mexico, and Gautemala, and the wonderful ruins of temples and towns built in ages long, long ago—will hear with pleasure that a scientific archæological expedition is to be sent under the authority of France and the United States, to make further explorations in that mysterious country. The chief promoter of the expedition is Mr. Peter Lorillard, of New York, by whom the greater part of the cost will be borne. In numbers and equipment nothing will be lacking; casts of the important bas-reliefs and inscriptions will be taken, whereby scholars in all parts of the world will be enabled to study relics of civilization not less interesting than the old monuments of Egypt and Assyria. From what is already known, it is supposed that the builders of these temples had intimate relations with Cambodia and Java, if they were not actually emigrants from those countries. Interesting affinities have been made out by linguistic students, some of whom believe that the table-land of Peru, and not that of Asia, was the cradle of the human race; and that the Hittites of Scripture, during their wanderings settled in Peru, and erected the buildings which now excite our astonishment. Hence it will be understood that something may be discovered that will throw light on primeval history. The hill-country of Yucatan is almost unknown. It is reported that the inhabitants—a fierce tribe named Mayas—"have reconstructed the old towns with their forts and temples, and revived many of the customs, laws, and idolatrous rites of their forefathers." The explorers will visit these people, and also endeavor to find traces of the tribes that preceded the Aztecs.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Out of His Year.

While talking with James Milton Sherrod, the other day, the letter-carrier pulled out of his pocket a very handsome agate, rounded and worn smooth by constant use as an ear ornament. It had a hole drilled through the top, and by a deer's sinew this trinket had formerly been suspended from the ear of some Sioux brave. The work on the stone showed the crude and patient efforts of the untutored red man. On being asked how he secured the agate, Mr. Sherrod, whittling off some black tobacco with a butcher knife, rubbed it in the palm of his hand a while, and then, after putting it in his pipe and trying ineffectually for a long time to light it, said:

"I got it up in the Black Hills in '76. A lot of Sioux Indians ambuscaded me one evening in the form of a horse-shoe, and I had to cut my way through. I killed several of them and the rest lit out. When I come to assess the dead, I found a big fellow wearing this here agate and tied on with a deer's sinner, and I just yanked it out of his year. There was another one in his other year that I got, but I lost it. It was the exact fact similar of this here one."—*Laramie Boomerang.*

Preparations for War.

Admiral Gulliver Green offered the following preamble and resoution:

"Whereas, Dis kentry am liable to sass some furrin nashun any day in de week an' git a war on its hands; an'

"Whereas, In case of a war wid some European power our watermellyon patches could easily be bombarded by de inemy as de case now stands; darefore

"Resolved, Dat it am de sentiment of dis club dat dis kentry be at once purvided with a navy powerful 'nuff to afford us security and proteckshun from war's disasters."

"De resolution will be laid on de stove fur de next six months," said the President, as he calmly arose. "In case of war it will be just as cheap to buy de enemy off as to build a navy, an' de plan won't offer half as many chances for stealin' de people stone blind. Dis nashun has had fight 'nuff to last it for fifty y'ars to come, an' if any man indulges in 'sass' he will find no backers among de people. We have got navy 'nuff to take de President to Long Branch an' back, an' any increase would be a waste of de public money."

An old lady who was in the habit of declaring, after the occurrence of any event, that she predicted it, was one day cleverly "sold" by her worthy spouse, who, like many others we wot of, had got tired of hearing her eternal "I told you so." Rushing into the house breathless with excitement, he dropped into a chair, elevated his hands and exclaimed: "Oh, my dear, what do you think? The old cow has gone and eaten up our grindstone!" The old lady was ready, and hardly waiting to hear the last word, she screamed out at the top of her lungs: "I told you so! You always would let it stand out of doors!"

[Written for The Chicago Ledger.]

THAT LITTLE COAT.

BY MRS. J. V. H. KOONS.

There was a man, 'tis sad to tell,
Lived in our famous city,
Whom none that ever knew him well
Could either love or pity.
He was no bigger than a mouse—
I do not stretch the story;
He had a tiny, old-time house,
Illumined with his glory,
He had a coat, this little man,
He fit exactly in it,
No longer than a half a span,
Nor wider than a minute;
Thread-bare and old and dirty blue,
Yet all who ventured near him
He'd squeeze into that coat—'tis true—
Till folks were taught to fear him.
It was the coat his father wore,
Yes, father's father's father;
And yet he'd worry, tease and bore,
Annoy, vex and bother
All that he met about that coat
And its eternal fitness
For high and low of every note
Who could its virtue witness.
Now don't you wish he could have seen
The folly of this passion,
And let his neighbors choose between
His and some other fashion?

MUNCIE, Ind.

ONE SOFT MAY DAY.

BY ILDEGERTE.

Kissed by a rose, one soft May day,
A lily in the garden blowing—
Kissed by a rose, one soft May day,
A lily in the garden growing.
Be my bride, oh! lily fair,
Be my bride, my pale white queen.
The lily smiled with radiant air,
Smiling sweetly and serene.

Kissed by a rose, one soft May day,
A lily crushed was dying—
Kissed by a rose, one soft May day,
A fragile fragment lying.
My bride's a corpse, the rose had said,
And the air was full of its breath;
My fair white queen is lying dead,
And I, * * * the cause of her death.

A red, red rose, one soft May day,
Was missed from the garden flowers;
The daisy sighed for the bright red ray,
So beautiful in the morning hours.
The flowers came where the red rose lay,
Dead and purple, on the lily's breast,
And sad were the hearts, that soft May day—
The red, red rose had gone to its rest.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The true bed-bug is said to be found in cliff swallows' nests.

The number of different uses for the bamboo is estimated at 500.

The number of earthquakes in Japan during the past 1500 years is 149.

American beer for Germany is an important addition to our export trade.

Weasels hunt in couples, and sometimes more than two work together.

In the course of five years, from 1779 to 1784 Mesmer magnetized 8,000 persons.

In Sicily the total quantity of sulphur annually melted is estimated at 390,000 tons.

The Australian exchange names with Europeans, as a proof of brotherly affection.

Since 1865 the ratio of suicides has been greater in the kingdom of Saxony than any other part of Europe.

A large whale committed suicide by hanging himself with the telegraphic cable laid across the Persian Gulf.

An English superstition is that if the ear-lobe hang below the line of the mouth, its possessor will be hanged.

A swarm of locusts observed near Boulder City, Colorado, traveled sixty-six miles to eastern Kansas and Missouri.

Falcons are the swiftest of birds. One sent from the Canarias to Spain returned in six hours, the distance being 780 miles.

The following sentence of only thirty-four letters contains all the letters in the alphabet: "John quickly extemporized five tow bags."

A gentleman, having suffered a severe blow on the head, found on recovery that he had lost his knowledge of Greek, but had not suffered any other loss of memory.

Tigers are said to be plentiful throughout Siberia, where they remain through the winter. They are said to be larger than the Himalayan specimens, and to have hair five inches in length.

At the present time in Spain the correct place of dating a letter should be from "this *your* house;" one must never say from "this *my* house," as politeness requires him to place it at the disposition of his correspondent.

In New York and Chicago, telegraph wires are being put under ground, and it is possible that the time is coming when the underground method of telegraphing will be in vogue all over the country, as it is in Germany.

Ostrich farming, is, next to wool and diamonds, the most important industry of Southern Africa. It was not successful until the eggs were hatched by a patent incubator, the parent bird not performing her duty well in confinement.

It is suggested that the derivation of London is from the Celtic Luan, the moon, and a dun, a city on a hill. That it was "the city of the moon" is all the more probable from the tradition that the site of St. Paul's was formerly that of a temple of Diana.

The greatest flood ever known on the Mississippi was that of 1844, which swept away the levees, overflowed the entire country, filled up the swamps and remained at high-water mark for months. It was due to the unscientific construction of the levees.

Incident of the War.

Artemus Ward once said he "would love to die for his country, but, if it was all the same to the country, he would like to die of old age." An amusing anecdote, which shows that Artemus' philosophy is widely entertained, is told by a writer in the Philadelphia *Times*. It was told by one of the boys who were present at the battle of Murfreesboro', Tenn.

When the lines of both armies were advancing to the charge, a rabbit, or more properly a hare, was aroused from his quiet seclusion immediately in front of the Confederate line, and went bounding away to the security of the hills, making at each jump a large exhibit of white bunting.

In the line there was a great, rawboned North Georgian, who was celebrated for his indomitable courage and reckless bravery.

He had the reputation of being willing to fight anything, and was supposed not to know the meaning of fear; but his apostrophe to the vanishing rabbit not only put the matter in a different light, but caused a burst of laughter from all who heard it. He said:

"Go it, little cotton-tail! Go it while you've a chance. I'd run, too, if I didn't have any more reputation at stake than you've got!"

The poor fellow never returned from the charge. He had lost his chance of running.

Marble Heads in a Gold Mine.

Dr. Cary Cox has a gold mine in Cherokee County. The other day the hands were sinking a shaft, and when six feet below they came upon two pieces of marble hewn into the shape and size of the human head. The work had evidently been done with good tools and, while not entirely finished, showed that it was a skilled artist who handled the chisel. The heads were found under six feet of clay, which, to all appearances, had never been disturbed and lay directly upon a bed of slate. Near the mine is a bed of marble, such as the heads are hewn from. The question is, who made the heads and how did they get under six feet of clay?—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Postage is cheapest in England and the United States, and costlier in Russia, Germany, Austria, Spain, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland in the order named.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

An observatory has just been completed on Mount Etna, 9,671 feet above the sea level.

Perfumes exert a healthful influence on the atmosphere, converting its oxygen into ozone.

The gastric juice is more acid while digestion is going on than in the intervals of the process.

It is claimed that railway ties saturated in creosote will last for twenty years or more in good condition.

Sugar, according to a prominent physician, promotes digestion, and may be prescribed in certain cases of dyspepsia.

The locomotives on some Russian railroads are heated with crude naphtha, which is introduced into the tender as it comes from the wells.

The eggs of a gnat are placed side by side to form the figure of a boat, so that the gnat-boat, like the life-boat, has the property of righting itself when capsized.

Gases from the furnaces in iron districts are very injurious to trees in the neighborhood. The sulphuric acid contained in the gases is absorbed by the leaves.

The gleam of falling water attracts certain insects as powerfully as does artificial light. In Iceland, moth after moth have been seen flying deliberately into a waterfall, where they disappear.

To deodorize rubber, cover the articles with charcoal dust, place them in a closed vessel, and raise the temperature to 94° F. Let them remain for several hours and they will be found free from all odor.

By breathing for some moments on a glass goblet previously moistened with water, and next rinsing the glass in pure distilled water, this liquid will be found, by the usual tests, to contain ammonia and nitric acid.

The tsetse fly of Africa, whose bite proves fatal to domestic animals, lays its eggs within the flesh at every bite, and the animal which dies from the effect proves to contain myriads of white worms in its stomach.

The Chinese pharmacopœia contains instruction for making various kinds of wine known as mutton, deer, dog or snake wine. The ingredients of mutton wine are a sheep, milk, brown sugar, honey, raisins and various drugs.

Placing one or two bits of roast meat on the leaves of the *drosera rotundefolia* shows that the leaves fed were of a brighter green than those starved. The supply of nitrogren had evidently assisted in the production of chlorophyl.

A new use of the micro-telephone is that of finding underground watercourses. The micro-phones are buried in the soil on a hillside, and each connected with a separate battery and telephone. By listening at the telephone at night, the faintest murmur or gurgling of water can be detected.

Indian Courtship.

Among the Northwestern tribes of Indians innocence is as marked among the girls as their color. The impression that the red maiden does not entertain a high standard of morality is an error, for she is taught as other girls are, and grows up with well-developed ideas of the responsibilities of life, and a firm resolution to discharge them. Educated in the faith that she was ordained to work, she trains herself to undergo hard labor, and at sixteen years of age is sturdy and strong, brave against fatigue and a perfect housewife.

She may not possess New England notions of cleanliness, but she takes not a little pride in her personal appearance, and in the arrangement of her lodge she displays some crude ideas of taste and a certain amount of neatness. If she marry a white man she makes him a good wife as long as she lives with him. His home is her sole comfort and his comfort her whole ambition. She thinks of him and for him, and makes it her study to please him and make him respect and love her. She recognizes in him one of a superior race, and by her dignity and devotion endears herself to him, and struggles to make him happy.

At the agencies of the upper frontier thousands of men are employed, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the majority of them have Indian wives and live happily. They are not sought after by the maidens, for the Indian girl's custom is to remain quiet until after the marriage contract is made and the marriage portion paid over. The husband must have the dowry, with which he must invest his projected mother-in-law before the ceremony takes place. The process is a little out of the usual run, and a description may be of interest:

The aspiring bridegroom must be well known in the tribe before he can hope to win a wife. Her people want to thoroughly understand him, and know if he can support not only her, but also her relatives in the event of a pinch. He must be a kind-hearted man, with a temper warranted to keep in any domestic climate, and he must have a good lodge, and at least half a dozen horses. If he be, and have all these, he can a-wooing go. Selecting the lady, he makes application to her mother, and at a council the price is fixed upon.

If the girl be especially pretty, her mother will demand a gun, two horses and a lot of provisions, blankets and cloth. A gun is valued at $50, a horse at $20, and he must furnish material to bring the amount up to from $100 to $150. Then he tries to beat the dame down, and if he succeeds he knows there is some reason for letting the girl go; if not, he understands that he is getting a good choice. The courtship is left entirely to the mother.—*Montreal Star.*

A Detective's Story.

There is a story told of a lady and gentleman traveling together on an English railroad. They were strangers to each other. Suddenly the gentleman said:

"Madam, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes; I am going to make some changes in my wearing apparel."

"Certainly, sir," she replied with great politeness, rising and turning her back upon him. In a short time he said:

"Now, Madam, my change is completed, and you may resume your seat."

When the lady turned she beheld her male companion transformed into a dashing lady with a heavy veil over her face.

"Now, sir, or madam, whichever you are," said the lady, "I must trouble you to look out of the window, for I also have some changes to make in my apparel."

"Certainly, madam," and the gentleman in lady's attire immediately complied.

"Now, sir, you may resume your seat."

To his great surprise, on resuming his seat, the gentleman in female attire found his lady companion transformed into a man. He laughed and said:

"It appears that we are both anxious to escape recognition. What have you done? I have robbed a bank?"

"And I," said the whilom lady, as he dexterously fettered his companion's wrists with a pair of handcuffs, "I am Detective J—— of Scotland Yard, and in female apparel have shadowed you for two days—now," drawing a revolver, "keep still."

Knowledge addresses these alarming words to the modern burlesque writers who made horrid puns and their equally inculpated audience who enjoy them: "It is not, perhaps, commonly known that a tendency to make puns is regarded by many students of mental physiology as a sign of cerebral disease."

Daphne McGuire.

"There is no more pie."

"God help us, then," said Daphne McGuire, looking up to her mother with a weary, wistful, why doesn't-somebody-buy-me-a-seal-skin-sacque expression on her oval face.

Mrs. McGuire did not reply. Leaning her bangless head on a thin, white hand—the hand that Vivian O'Rourke had called "a dimpled treasure that one might risk his soul to win," that night, so many years ago, that she had rejected his proffered love and caused him to wander away in wild despair and marry Giroffe Quirk—and thought of how, had she plighted her troth to him, life would now have been a garden in which pretty flowers waved their bright faces, instead of a wind-swept waste, barren alike of flowers and verdure. She remembered how, for the first few years after their marriage, every thing went well with Percicles McGuire, and how, when Daphne was a prattling infant, he had come home full one evening and told her in proud tones that he had reached the summit of his ambition, and was a policeman. All these memories of the past—the bitter and the sweet—came surging through her mind as she looked out the window at the west bound Blue Island avenue cars going by like ghosts in the twilight.

"Why do you weep, mamma?" said Daphne, placing her soft West Side arms about the neck of the mother she loved so dearly—the only mother she had.

"I fear me, Bridget," said Mrs. McGuire, using the pet name by which Daphne was known at home, "that our future must indeed be a cheerless one; that the coming days will hold for us only sorrow and misery."

"Do not be disheartened, mamma," replied the girl, kicking the dog off the front steps and kissing her mother with a warm, lingering, I-have-come-to-stay-all-winter-and-part-of-the-spring kiss. "Things may not be as bad as they seem. We have still one hope, you know, one resource in case all else fails."

"What is it, child?" asked the mother in hoarse, anxious tones. "What is this hope you speak of?"

"Doughnuts," replied Daphne, speaking the word softly, and with infinite tenderness. "We have a jar of them down stairs, you know."

"Then let us tackle them at once," said the grief-stricken parent, starting for the pantry at a 2:20 clip.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Guilty, but Drunk."

Capt. Henry's misadventure recalls a story which went the rounds twenty-five or thirty years ago, and is good enough to be new. It illustrates the embarrassment which a glass too much sometimes occasions the best of men. There lived in Georgia, says Col. Bradbury, whom Burton credits with the narrative, a Circuit Judge by the name of Brown, a man of ability, of integrity and beloved and respected by all the legal profession. But he had one fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into occasional excesses. In traveling the circuit it was his habit, the night before opening court, to get "comfortably corned." In a certain county town, one day, a tough citizen was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the clerk had read the indictment to him he put the question:

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, but drunk," answered the prisoner.

"What's that plea?" exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What's the charge against the man?"

"He is indicted for grand larceny."

"What's the case?"

"May it please your Honor," said the Prosecuting Attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel."

"He's, hey? and he pleads"—

"He pleads guilty, but drunk!"

The Judge was now fully aroused.

"Guilty, but drunk! That is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, you are certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the Judge, "do the favor to enter a *nolle prosequi* in this man's case. That liquor of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do anything dirty. The court got drunk on it the other night and stole all of Sterritt's spoons! Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff; I adjourn the court."—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

East Indian Snakes and Wolves.

An East India paper says: "One thousand two hundred and sixty-four persons were killed by wild animals and 9,515 by snakes in the Presidency of Bengal last year. In the same period the number of cattle destroyed was upward of 12,000. This, says a Bombay paper, is a considerable bill of mortality for one Presidency, but we suppose in this, as in all other matters, as is so often asserted, the minor Presidencies must admit the superiority of Bengal. Compared with the returns of 1878, the figures quoted from an interesting statement prepared by Mr. Counsell, the Acting Registrar, show a considerable increase. In one respect, however, there was a falling off, namely, in the number of persons killed by wolves—eighty-three, against 152 in 1878. Probably wolves are less voracious in Bengal than they used to be, but the shikars, amateur and professional, have not shown more consideration for them than formerly. Indeed, the sportsmen have met with greater success than ever, for nearly 500 more were killed than in the previous twelve months. Altogether 5,543 wild animals were destroyed during the past year. From the statistics sent in to Government it appears that 21,102 snakes were killed, against 24,276 in 1878, but the actual number was probably greater, as the figures returns relate only to the snakes for the destruction of which rewards were paid. These rewards are only given for cobras, daboras, and kerails destroyed within the limits of towns, municipalities, and villages in which the Village Chowkidaree act is in force, and it seems that many persons who destroy venomous snakes are, even within the limits for which rewards are given, never ask for the money to which they are entitled. The total amount paid in rewards last year was 28,870.14 rupees."

An Event in Ole Bull's Career.

The Academy of Music was reopened on the 19th of February, 1855, under the management of the very distinguished Norse violinist, Ole Bull, who leased that vast and splendid void for a short season. Among his artists were Teresa Parodi, Vestvali, Brignoli, and Badiali; and he offered a prize of one thousand dollars for the best original grand opera by an American composer on an American subject; the copyright to be retained by the author—a vain proposal and an unwise limitation. Music is not cultivated thus; neither by prize-giving, nor by efforts to elevate art and encourage native artists, and still less by insisting upon native subjects. The whole history of literature and of the fine arts is a rebuke to such folly. It was in keeping with this project that Ole Bull should go to ruin as a manager with greater speed than any of his predecessors. He did not last two months; and his short managerial career is worthy of this brief warning notice only because it showed that as a virtuoso, and no less skill in manipulating public curiosity than in handling his instrument.—*Richard Grant White, in the Century.*

An Old, Old Story.

C-o-m-e in! Well I declare, stranger, you gave me quite a turn! I—I—was kind of expectin' somebody, and for half a minute I thought mebbe 'twas her, but she'd never stop to knock; want a bite and a sup and a night's lodging? Why of course; sit down, I—a—most forgot to ask you, I was that flustrated. Poor soul! How tired and worn out you look! I can make you comfortable for the night and give you a good meal of victuals and a shake-down on the floor, but I would hardly like to put you in Lizzie's room—she was that particular, and your clothes are so wet and drabbled. Why, woman, what makes you shake so—ague? Never heard tell of any in these parts. Guess you must have brought it with you. Well, a good night's rest will set you up wonderfully, and you can lie right here, by the stove, and the fire a smolderin' will keep you warm, and the light will be burnin' till its broad day—broad day!

What do I keep the light a-burnin' for? Well, now, when folks ask me that, sometimes I tell them one thing and sometimes I tell them another. I don't know as I mind tellin' you, because you are such a poor, misfortunit creature, and a stranger, and my heart kind of goes out to such. You see, I have a daughter. She's been away these ten years, has Lizzie, and they do say as she's livin' in grandeur in some furrin' place, and she's had her head turned with it all, for she never lets her poor old mother hear from her, and the fine people she's with coaxed her off unbeknownst to me, and I don't mind tellin' you as it was a great shock to me, and I ain't the same woman since Lizzie went out one night, and when she kissed me said, "Leave a light in the window, mother, till I come back;" and that was ten years ago, and I've never seen her since, but I've burned a light in the window every night all these ten years, and shall till she comes home. Yes it's hard to be a mother and be disappointed so. I allowed she was dead till folks, as seen her well and splendid, told me different, and I was sick a long time—that's what made my hair so white—but I hope she never heard of it, 'twould have made her as miserable as I was, and her fine things would not be much comfort to her! Folks blame her terribly, but I'm her mother, and it just seems as if I could see her, so pretty, with her long brown curls, and the smile she had, and her gentle ways, and I loving her better than heaven above me! This is my punishment—to sit alone all day and never go to sleep at night, but I hear her crying "Mother! mother! where are you?" and if I go once, I go a dozen times to the door, and look up and down the lonesome road and call, L-i-z-z-i-e! L-i-z-z-i-e! and there's never an answer but the night wind moaning in the trees.

Well, I did'nt mean to make you feel so sad; don't cry, poor soul! You've had enough trouble of your own, I guess, by your looks! Your hands are like ice—and your temples and your face is white and—and—and—why, what is this? You are not old and your hair had its lights of gold in it, and your eyes—Merciful God! it's Lizzie come back to her mother—it's my child that was lost and is found—put out the light.

A Touching Incident.

When Mrs. Mary A. Livermore lectured in Albion, Michigan, recently, at the close of the lecture, an elderly, white-haired woman approached her, with the following inquiry:

"Do you remember writing a letter for John—of the Twelfth Michigan Volunteers, when he lay dying in the Overton Hospital at Memphis, during the spring of 1863, and of completing the letter to his wife and mother after he had died?"

Mrs. Livermore replied that she wrote so many letters during the war, under similar circumstances, that she could not recall any particular case.

The woman drew a letter from her pocket that had been torn into pieces in the folds of the note and was then stitched together with fine sewing cotton. "Do you remember this letter?" she asked.

Mrs. Livermore recognized her penmanship and admitted her authorship to the letter. The first four pages were written to his wife and mother, at the dictation of a young soldier who had been shot through the lungs, and was dying of the wound. Then she had completed the letter by the addition of three pages written by herself, beside the dead husband and son, in which she sought to comfort the lonely and bereaved relatives.

"I thought my daughter-in-law and I should have died when we heard that John was dead, but for this letter," said the worn and weary-looking woman. "It comforted us both, and by-and-by, when we heard of other women similarly afflicted, we sent them the letter to read, till it was torn in pieces. Then we sewed the pieces together and made copies of the letter, which we sent to those of our acquaintance whom the war bereft.

"But Annie, my son's wife, never got over John's death. She kept about, and did her work, but the heart of her life had gone out of her. Eight years ago she died of gastric fever. One day, a little before her death, she said, 'Mother, if you ever find Mrs. Livermore, give her my wedding-ring, which has never been off my finger since John put it there, and which will not be taken off till I'm dead. Ask her to wear it for John's sake and mine, and tell her it was my dying request.'

"I live eight miles from here," continued the woman, "and when I read in the papers that you were to lecture here to-night, I decided to drive over and give you the ring, if you will accept it."

Deeply affected by this touching narrative, not a particular of which she is able to recall, Mrs. Livermore extended her hand, and the widowed and childless woman put the ring on her finger, with a fervently uttered benediction.

The Bicycles.

As a mere machine for transportation, the bicycle is entitled to a high consideration. In England, and more especially in the large cities like London, the bicycle has taken an acknowledged place with the cab, the omnibus, the tramway, and the steam-car. In London thousands of them are in use by men who employ them for the same purpose that they would a saddle-horse. They go to their business on them in the morning and return at night, with the same regularity that other men traverse the same routes by means of the regular lines of transportation. This is the case often with men who live as many as from five to ten miles from their places of business. They escape the fetid air of the omnibus, they save the fare, and they as a rule they make the journey in less time than they would were they to travel by the usual vehicles of transportation. In this direction the matter of economy is of no small account. The person who uses a bicycle to go to and from his place of business in London, or in any of the larger cities of the country, save not less than ten cents a day—a not very large sum, it is true, but one which per annum on his business year of three hundred days amounts to thirty dollars—a sum to him, perhaps, sufficient to pay from forty to fifty per cent, per annum on his original purchase of a machine, and gives him the advantage of a most inspiriting and delightful method of locomotion.

They tell a story of a Brazilian bandit that would make the James boys feel that they had just begun to learn the rudiments of the business. After listening awhile to an organ grinder he stepped up to him, shot him full of holes, and placing it on top of the organ proceeded to turn the handle himself, while the bystanders looked on with horror.

Adulterated Tobacco.

A pamphlet has been published, showing that in Germany thousands of tons of beet leaves are transformed into tobacco. In some places chiccory and cabbage leaves make the fragrant weed. An English chemist found a stuff sold for tobacco was the leaves of a diaphoretic plant. It has been impossible to sell the plant as a drug, and it has been turned into tobacco to save loss.

Another writer informs everybody, or wants to, that chemists have an important place in tobacco factories. Fifteen factories in New York employ chemists to "flavor" cigars. They have nothing to do with the wrapper, but they can "heighten and develop," the fillings. It is a relief to know on the authority of the writer quoted that opium is not used, although it used to be formerly, in England, but stringent laws broke the practice up. The substances used to flavor tobacco are numerous. Every manufacturer has his own formula. Vanilla is the most common. This is employed in the form of an alcoholic tincture to flavor fillings. It is said that few cigars are free from vanilla. Its effects are not harmful if not used in excess. The tonka bean and balsam fir are used in the same way and for the same purpose. Cedar oil is also introduced. The best imitator of the tobacco flavor is valerian. Valerian and vanilla are the most valuable chemicals now in use by tobacconists. By their use the poorest stems may be converted into fair tobacco. Into cigarettes enter not only valerian and vanilla, but cascarilla bark. To make cigars burn, ammonia is used, and they are soaked in saltpetre. The latter is injurious and makes young men old with dispatch. The object of its use is to cause the cigar to burn freely. It has been noticed by some smokers that an intoxicating effect has been produced by some cigars. This is produced by dipping the fillings in a solution of sulphuric ether and bromide of potassium. When it is known that New England rum is used with vanilla and valerian, it is nothing to wonder at that the cigars so treated produce intoxication. We do not name the brand that is treated with New England rum. If we did, the demand would be greater. We do not make tobacco, or aid in its adulteration, such other things as potato leaves, sugar, potash, tamarinds, aniseed, gum and various oils not heretofore mentioned are used to a greater or lesser extent. In New York alone, 826,666,500 cigars are made annually, besides, 229,800,000 cigarettes, and twenty-five thousand persons are employed.—*Providence Journal.*

Art Thoughts.

The arts are dependent upon the customs and manners of the people.

In countries where caste prejudice predominates, we may look for stupendous edifices, the work of the servile class under the direction of the reigning caste.

The mighty pyramids attest this truth. Time was of no value and human servitude and sacrifice of little moment, in view of the grand monumental result.

The Egyptians took no delight in commerce or in industrial progress; they were self-contained, self-immured, solitary, and it is small wonder that the King's workmen should devote a lifetime only to the excavating and the decorating of the tomb of the King.

The Greeks conducted the arts into new channels. The extent of their coast, and their republican government aided and stimulated commerce, progress, and the spirit of research, common to this people.

With the Greeks nothing was valueless which showed intrinsic beauty. They had a rare passion for form, for perfection; everything useful must also be ideal. With practice came skill, the appreciation of time, and the rewards of industry. In a short space of time they monopolized commerce, and industry, and perfected all the arts.

The Egyptians and Hindoos, by caste prejudice and isolation, never rose higher than their own barren intelligence in matters of art. The Greeks had "Progress" for a watch-word. Thought was necessary to progress, and all their works are incarnations of the best and ripest thought of the age in which they were produced.

With the Greeks a colossus is not carven like a life-size figure, and a bas relief which receives direct light differs from one which receives reflected light. The art is the result of their delicacy of perception, their minute study of nature, and the perfection of their *technique.*

Greek sculpture and architecture owe their beauty and significance to their impressiveness, and this is due to fidelity to nature. There they found harmony, unity, strength, grace, beauty, perfection; they knew how to translate all these sentiments of the Creator into the language of art, and the result was ideal perfection.

Ideal style may be defined as the correct translation into art of those phenomena and attributes of nature which are significant of action, and perpetuity. The task of translating and embodying the eternal creative canons is the province of genius. And genius is but conformity to natural laws in applying them to artistic symbolism.—*P. Farrand Felch in Indianapolis Herald.*

A Model Sexton.

Josiah H. Haywood, sexton of the Church of the Unity, Boston, has recently celebrated his silver wedding. Among the incidents of the festive occasion was the reading of a letter from Rev. M. J. Savage, his pastor, in which he said:

"I propose therefore—entirely for your own good—to suggest a few faults. If you can only manage to cure these you will have become the ideal sexton, and you can command a salary of $10,000 a year, or perhaps more than that, by traveling with Barnum as the greatest curiosity of the age. The faults I allude to are such as these:

"First—You have not yet learned how to make the church hot and cold at the same time. You must learn how to make one pew mark seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, while the next one is 20 below to a point where it would be uncomfortable for an esquimaux.

"Second—You do not seem to know how to make a free circulation, a plenty of fresh air, and yet without any draught anywhere. You must invent some way to make all the draughts skip the pews where rheumatic and bald-headed people sit.

"Third—You have not yet acquired the art of having the church flooded with light while the blinds are shut at the same time. This should be attended to at once, and you should not set up your poor excuse as that it is impossible.

"Fourth—You must find out some way of giving everybody the best seat, right in the center of the church, so that nobody will be crowded, the church will look whether the pews are already full or empty.

"Fifth—You must learn how to fill all the pews with strangers without making anybody 'mad' about it, and, at the same time, have plenty of room left for the regular pew-holders.

"Sixth—And finally you shall spend your leisure time in inventing a patent church that shall be just warm enough, and yet not too cool, just light enough, where all the people, whatever their mental, moral or physical condition, will be perfectly comfortable, and—crowning achievement of all—that shall have all the seats in the middle.

"What is a sexton for, anyhow, if he can't please everybody at the same time?"

It was a French woman who exclaimed, holding up a glass of sparkling fresh water: "Ah! if it were only wicked to drink this, how nice it would taste."

Teaching a Calf to Drink.

Those who have had a mournful experience, know that there is nothing more trying to the soul than the operation of teaching a young calf to drink. The process is familiar to every man who has brought up a calf from infancy. You seize a pail of warm milk, go into the stable, catch the calf by the ears, back him into a corner and bestride his neck. The idiot rather likes this, and while you are reaching for the pail, he employs his time in slobbering the lower corners of your jacket. You discover what the blockhead is about and box his ears. You can't help it. You feel that any calf can't tell for the life of him why he has been struck, and he gives a sudden and unexpected "flounce." He believes he will go over and stay on the other side of the stable, but he doesn't announce this beforehand. He starts on the impulse of the moment and you can't tell just when he arrives there. You ride along with him a little way. But the laws of gravitation are always about the same. Your legs—one on each side of the critter—keep up with the calf for about a second, but your body doesn't. You slide over the calf, and your back kisses the floor. Your head is soaking in the pail of milk. When you get up you are mad—uncommonly so. Milk runs from your hair and impressions out of your mouth. There is buttermilk in your eye, and you solemnly declare you will learn that calf to drink or break his blanked neck. The calf doesn't know of this resolve, and he glares at you in stupid fright from across the stable. He is not aware that he was the cause of your downfall, and wonders ignorantly what in thunder is the matter. You don't try to explain it to him, but furiously catch him by the ears, look back over your shoulder at the milk pail, and back up toward it, dragging the calf after you, who bawls out in a manner which seems to say, "Is this the way you treat a fellow-creature?" You again back into the corner, sling your left leg over him and once more try to get his head in chancery. The calf attempts a little more funny business and plunges suddenly forward. You are on the lookout for breakers this time, and having a firm hold on his ears, you mutter through your clenched jaws, "No you don't, honey." But he does, though, and you "cross the continent" together by the "rapid transit" line. You hadn't intended to go, but that is where you and the calf didn't see it alike. You take his view of it a few moments later. You astride of the calf's neck and jamming the finger's of one hand into its mouth, you place the other on the back of his head and above his nose into the pail for drink, fully resolved to strangle him, if he don't drink. The calf holds perfectly still—ominously so—and there is silence in heaven for the space of half a minute, at the end of which time the blockhead, who hasn't drank a drop, suddenly makes a splurge, knocks the pail to "kingdom come," milk and all; you are again reduced to a horizontal from a perpendicular, and when you rise the excitement is intense. You have been soaked with milk, "slobbered" on, and hurt and abused the worst way. Not a drop of milk has gone down the infernal brute's neck and there he stands glaring at you, ready to furnish you another free ride anywhere you want to go. With an affidavit you bang him over the head with the empty pail and hobble out of the pen, mad and hurt all through, fully resolved to let your four-footed fool starve.

A Close Call.

The people of a little town in Warrick county were on the brink of a fragrant church scandal. Just before the close of the services, a good brother walked forward to the pulpit, handed the minister an announcement, as he supposed, and asked him to read it to the congregation before he dismissed them. Just before time was called on the doxology the minister said:

"Brother Bramley has handed in the following;" and in a clear voice he read the note which ran as follows:

My Own Pet Bram.—Are you never coming to see me again? I am dying to see my darling once more and gaze into his beloved eyes. The old mummy that calls herself your wife will never know it. Darling, come to me, for I love you. Come, darling, come. Oh, how can you endure her? Come, darling, to one who truly loves you. Your own and only MARY.

The good brother had handed in the wrong announcement. At the close of the reading the minister looked horror-struck, the congregation stared at Bramley with cold, hard stares and his wife rose up in her seat and glared at him like a tigress. He was equal to the occasion, however, and rising calmly and with a look of perfect resignation on his face he said:

"Brothers and Sisters—It may appear strange to you that I should ask our beloved pastor to read such a terrible thing as that from the pulpit, but the best way to fight the devil is to fight him boldly face to face. The writer of that vile note is unknown to me, but it is evidently some depraved child of sin who is endeavoring to besmirch my christian reputation. I shall use every endeavor to ferret out the writer and if discovered will fearlessly proclaim her name and hold her up to the contempt of all good christian people."

He sat down amid the murmur of approbation and sympathy, and his wife wanted to hug him right before the congregation. That evening he told the whole affair at the grocery with a wink, and remarked with a grin that it was the closest call he ever had in his life.—*Evansville Argus.*

Language Cannot Describe It.

Mr. Robert Gould, book-keeper for Walker & Maxey, who are lumber dealers, recently said to our representative: "About one year ago I was taken with the genuine sciatica. I employed the best physicians, but they did me very little good. At times the pain was almost beyond endurance. Finally I used St. Jacobs Oil and it effected a complete cure."—*Kennebec Reporter, Gardiner, Me.*

Henry Ward Beecher's habit of reading while traveling at railway speed, says the Hartford *Post*, favors both his eyes and his brain. He does not pore over a book constantly, but satisfies himself with leisurely references to it. After reading not to exceed a page and a half, he drops the book into his lap, and rests in reflection and window-gazing for a few minutes before he resumes his reading. This process of book study is gone over with uniform exactness. When he has enough "inwardly digested," he goes into a doze till refreshed, and bends to the book again.

Mr. Gail B. Johnson, business manager of the Houston (Texas) *Post*, has used St. Jacobs Oil with the greatest benefit for rheumatism, says the Galveston (Texas) *News.*

A return issued by the German Postmaster General shows the number of post-cards issued in Europe in the year 1878 to have been 342,000,000. Of that number 111,455,000 were posted in the United Kingdom, 108,741,000 in Germany, and 30,522,000 in France. In the United States, during the year 1879 246,000,000 cards were dispatched by the postoffice, and it is estimated that during 1880 the figure will rise to 300,000,000. The German postal authorities estimate the number of cards in use throughout the postal union at about 700,000,000.

A St. Louis Man's Statement.

St. Louis, Mo., April 29, 1881.
H. H. Warner & Co.: Sirs—I was cured of painful kidney disease by your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. J. B. Reynolds.

THE WORKSHOP.

The difficulty in the way of using plaster of Paris, due to contraction and expansion, may be to a great extent overcome by mixing it with lime water.

The fan in use for ventilating the St. Louis railroad tunnel between the bridge and the Union station, will clear it from smoke of the heaviest freight train in three minutes.

Sealing wax is not wax at all, nor does it contain a single particle of wax. It is made of shellac, Venice turpentine and cinnibar. Cinnibar gives it the deep red color, and turpentine renders the shellac soft and less brittle.

English steel casting of a certain class are, by some manufacturers, it appears, made from old files in connection with other material, and are said to be sound and very strong. It is stated that the excess of carbon in such stock proves to be of no disadvantage.

A new form of drill press is now made. It has the column carrying the platen at one side of the frame, so that the platen can be swung out entirely clear of the frame; this leaves nothing between it and the work, which is bolted on the main bed-plate under the platen.

An anti-friction composition, used with great success in Bavaria, instead of oil, tallow, etc., is thus made: Ten and one-half parts of lard are melted with two parts of pulverized plumbago; the lard is melted, the plumbago mixed in slowly, stirred well, and the mixture applied cold.

To remove bolts that have rusted without breaking them the most effectual remedy known is the liberal application of petroleum. Care must be taken that the rusted parts are reached by it, and some time must be allowed to give it a chance to soften the layer of rust before any attempts are made to remove the bolt.

The decay of wood embedded in the earth is difficult to guard against, but according to the *British Farmer's Gazette*, a simple precaution, costing neither money nor labor, will increase the durability of posts put in the ground by fifty per cent. This is simply by taking care that the wood is inverted, i. e., placed in the opposite direction to that in which it grew. Experiments have proved that oak posts put in the ground in the same position in which they grew, top upward, were rotten in twelve years, while their neighbors, cut from the same tree and placed top downwards in the soil, showed no signs of decay for several years afterward. The theory is that the capillary tubes in the tree are so adjusted as to oppose the rising moisture when the wood is inverted.

"Dragging Pains."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—My wife had suffered with "female weaknesses" for nearly three years. At times she could hardly move, she had such dragging pains. We often saw your "Favorite Prescription" advertised, but supposed like most patent medicines it did not amount to anything, but at last concluded to try a bottle, which she did. It made her sick at first, but it began to show its effect in a marked improvement, and two bottles cured her. Yours, etc., A. J. Huyck, Deposit, N. Y.

Dying.

An expectant nephew took one side the physician who visited his uncle, and demanded to know the whole truth concerning that beloved relative.

"He is dying," said the doctor.

The nephew howled with piteous lamentations. But the old doctor, who knew human nature, and expectant nephews in particular, exclaimed:

"You misunderstood me! I did not say he was recovering—I said he is *dying.*"

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets," or sugar-coated granules—the original "little liver pills" (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

A Widower.

A Western man having lost his wife, a sympathizing friend remarked upon this woe-begone appearance.

"Well, I guess you would look thin, too," was the melancholy rejoinder, "if you had to get up before daylight, make the fires, draw water, split wood, and feed the cattle before breakfast. I tell you what it is, I'd give any one to fill poor, dear, sainted Maria's place, I have had to do it so many weeks."

Suicide Made Easy.

Let your liver complaint take its own course and hope for a cure. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

How to Say It.

Say "I would rather walk," and not "I had rather walk."

Say "I doubt not but I shall," and not "I don't doubt but I shall."

Say "for you and me," and not "for you and I."

Say "whether I be present or not," and not "present or no."

Say "not that I know," and not "that I know of."

Say "return it to me," and not "return it back to me."

Say "I seldom see him," and not "that I seldom or ever see him."

Say "fewer friends," and not "less friends."

Say "if I mistake not," and not "if I am not mistaken."

Say "game is plentiful," and not "game is plenty."

Say "I am weak in comparison with you," and not "to you."

Say "it rains very fast," and not "very hard."

Say "in its primitive sense," and not "primary sense."

Say "he was noted for his violence," and not that "he was a man notorious for violence."

Say "thus much is true," and not "this much is true."

Say "I lifted it," and not "I lifted it up."

And last, but not least, say "I take my paper and pay for it in advance."

Kidney-Wort radically cures biliousness, piles and nervous diseases.

Sea-anemones have no real nervous system; the sense of touch is distributed throughout the whole animal.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

If contemplating Building or Painting send for the new Arch'ectural Catalogue published by Wm. T. Comstock, 6 Astor Place, New York.

One greasing with Frazer Axle Grease will last two weeks, all others two or three days. Try it. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Exposition.

Agents wanted for our Indian Remedies. Mandan and Osage Med. Co., Keytesville, Mo.

Personal.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

Pure cod-liver oil, from selected livers, on the sea shore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

Chapped hands, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Try the new brand Spring Tobacco.

VIOLIN! Four Strings—E. A. D. G. Will bring 25c. postage stamps. Jones & Co., 32 6th Ave., N. Y.

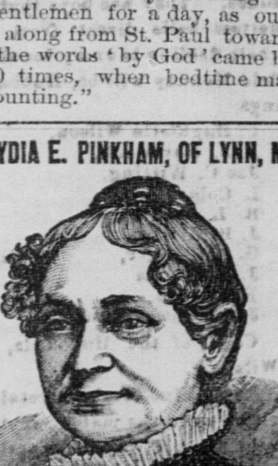
$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world; 1 sample free. Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

Poor We'uns.

As we look across the broad expanse of plain which lies between our fair city and the Medicine Bow range, whose lofty peaks are crowned with perpetual snows; glance at the cone-like form of Diamond Peak in the southwest, beyond which we know lies the roaring Cache la Poudre, in whose cool waters sport myriads of speckled trout, and along whose banks the deer, elk, antelope, and festive John rabbit are sporting; then turn to the hills on the east, whose cool canyons and towering pines seem to murmur "come," we feel as though we would like to leave the city and get out among them. Other people can go out for summer trips. The "over-worked" preacher, who gets up one sermon a week; the forlorn lawyer, who has had one case since Christmas; the merchant, who spends four hours a day in his office; the gentlemen of leisure, and old maids, and young maids, and lovers, and everybody except the hod-carriers and newspaper men. They must stay at home. They have no right to look at the hills; no rights that other people are bound to respect. No right to think of babbling brooks, rod or gun. The newspaper fiend must stay within the sacred precincts of the city where his journal is printed, and be called a liar, free-lunch dispenser, theater deadhead, an incessant noser, roustabout, and deck hand generally—a victim of the vials of public disfavor. Must receive and digest all the abuse of humanity generally, and several counties to hear from; be abused if he publishes the news, and abused if he doesn't—a person who is regarded as a necessary evil, and at the same time one to be feared. Must forget his own troubles and lay before his readers each evening a newsy, spicy, readable paper, even though he may feel more like entering a lunatic asylum as a regular boarder than writing for others' amusement.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

"As the American," says the Rev. David Swing, of Chicago, "can out-chew and out-spit and out-talk the rest of the world, so can he out-swear the residue of humanity. Sitting behind two gentlemen for a day, as our train glided along from St. Paul toward Chicago, the words 'by God' came back to me 700 times, when bedtime made me quit counting."

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists.

ASTHMA CURED

German Asthma Cure never *fails* to give *immediate relief* in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. *A trial convinces the most skeptical.* Price 50c and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. Dr. R. Schiffman, St. Paul, Minn.

EVERY ONE STUDYING MUSIC Will get valuable information FREE by sending for circular to E. Tourjee, Boston, Mass.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take one pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

USE NONE BUT THE BEST. THE GREAT FAMILY SOAP MAKER. **SAPONIFIER** THE ORIGINAL CONCENTRATED LYE. SOLD BY ALL GROCERS. PENN'A SALT MF'G. CO. PHILA.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED.

New Edition, 118,000 Words, (3000 more than any other English Dictionary,) Four Pages Colored Plates, 3000 Engravings, (nearly three times the number in any other Dict'y,) also contains a Biographical Dictionary giving brief important facts concerning over 9700 noted persons. Recommended by State Supt's of Education in 36 States, and by 50 College Presidents. G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

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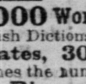

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CONSUMPTIVES send your name and address to S. B. Allen, 166 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

YACHTING.

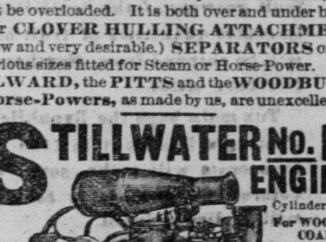
One of the most manly and satisfying pleasures, as well as the most agreeable, is yachting. The owner of the yacht is one who gathers the chief comfort, as he sails his craft for the excitement of the race, or for the genuine enjoyment of guiding his beautiful vessel over the water. Those who have the care, management and working of a yacht dwell almost upon the water. As a class, they are quiet, sober, careful, skilful men, but their life of exposure to the elements is productive of much rheumatism among them, and they suffer considerably from pains, the result of cold, bruises, sprains, &c. St. Jacobs Oil is a favorite remedy with these men, because of the splendid service it renders them. Captain Schmidt, of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y., says that he has been a great sufferer from rheumatism for many years. He had severe rheumatic pains in nearly every portion of his body, and suffered so that at times he would be entirely unable to attend to active business. He said: "I am quite well now, however, and, as you see, I am able to work without any trouble. I attribute my recovery entirely to St. Jacobs Oil; for I felt better as soon as I commenced to use that remedy; and whenever I feel anything like rheumatism coming on, I rub the place with the Oil, and it always does what is claimed for it. Finding St. Jacobs Oil did me so much good, I got my family to use it whenever they had any pains or colds, and it has done good in every case when they have tried it. I can say that St. Jacobs Oil is a mighty good rheumatic remedy, and I don't intend to be without it." This experience is such as has been enjoyed not only by yachtsmen and others, who follow the water, but by people in every walk of life and variety of pursuit the whole world over.

MINNESOTA CHIEF

Wonderfully simple and perfect in its threshing and separating qualities. Saves ALL the Grain and cleans it ready for Market. Runs easily, constructed durably, finished beautifully, least expensive, and most economical and SATISFACTORY MACHINE NOW MADE. It will handle wet grain as well as dry. It has no equal in threshing flax and timothy; cleans both as well as wheat; requires no change except the sieve. Has more square feet of separating and cleaning surface than any other machine; can not be overloaded. It is both over and under blast. Our CLOVER HULLING ATTACHMENT (new and very desirable.) SEPARATORS of the various sizes fitted for Steam or Horse-Power. The ELWARD, the PITTS and the WOODBURY Horse-Powers, as made by us, are unexcelled.

BEST THRESHER IN USE

STILLWATER No. 10 ENGINE



We also make the STILLWATER No. 12 and MINNESOTA GIANT FARM ENGINES, each having return-flue, and fitted for burning straw, wood or coal. These Engines are made and finished in the *most perfect manner.* TRACTION ATTACHMENTS can be furnished with any of them. *For Price-List and Circulars,* address

SEYMOUR, SABIN & CO. Manufacturers, Stillwater, Minn.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE **PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD**

Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and including a history of the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman Empires, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, etc., etc.

It contains 672 fine historical engravings, and is the most complete History of the World ever published. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents. Address National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER. 25c. package makes 5 gallons of a delicious, wholesome, sparkling temperance beverage. Ask your druggist, or sent by mail for 25c. C. E. Hires, 48 N. Dela. Ave., Philada.

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint of food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

$30 Per Week can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. $5 outfit free. G. W. Ingraham & Co., Boston, Mass.

LADIES can enlarge and beautify their figure without injury to themselves. Information free. Address Ladies' Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn Telegraphy in a few months, and be certain of a situation, address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

LANE & BODLEY CO. AWARDED **GOLD MEDAL** BY THE *ATLANTA COTTON EXPOSITION,* ON THEIR **Steam Engine and Saw Mill**

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BOOKS ON BUILDING, PAINTING, Decorating, etc. For 1882, eighty-page Illustrated Catalogue. Address, enclosing three 3-cent stamps. Wm. T. Comstock, 6 Astor Place, New York.

$72 A Week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

A. N. U. Cin., O........ Twenty-four.—82.

ITALY 1881. ESPOSIZIONE MUSICALE IN MILANO. Sotto il Patrocinio di S. M. la Regina. Palazzo Del R. Conservitorio.

AT THE GREAT ITALIAN MUSICAL EXPOSITION

Recently closed at Milan, was probably the MOST EXTRAORDINARY COLLECTION OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, old and new, ever brought together; fully illustrating the great progress which has been made and present high excellence of this department of manufactures. After exhaustive examinations, tests and comparisons, extending through a period of several months, more than 250 Awards were made of medals and diplomas, in recognition of degrees of super-excellence attained in the various departments of musical art and manufacture. For REED INSTRUMENTS, including Organs and Harmoniums of all descriptions, European and American,

THE GRAND SILVER MEDAL,

being the only highest award in this department, was conferred upon the

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS.

Their manufacturers value this extraordinary distinction the more highly because of the importance of the occasion, especially as an INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL INDUSTRIAL COMPETITION IN A COUNTRY SO PRE-EMINENTLY MUSICAL. The Mason & Hamlin Organs were honored by especial exhibition before the Royal Court by Carlo Ducci of Rome, and warm commendation from their Majesties, the King and Queen.

At all the great WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITIONS for fourteen years these Organs have received the HIGHEST HONORS, *being the only American Organs which have received such at any.*

IMPROVEMENTS. During the year just closed, this Company have introduced improvements of greater value than in any similar period since the introduction of the American Organ by them, twenty years since.

ELEGANT STYLES are now received from their factories daily, surpassing in capacity and excellence anything which has before been produced, and certainly worthy to be ranked with the VERY FINEST MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN THE WORLD. They are in cases of solid BLACK WALNUT, MAHOGANY, ASH, EBONIZED, &c., at *net cash prices,* $240, $330, $360, $390, $480, $570, $840 and $900.

POPULAR STYLES, including, also, the most valuable of the recent improvements, and adapted to all uses, public and private, in plain and elegant cases, are at $22, $30, $57, $66, 72, 84, $90, $93, $99, $102, $105, to $200, and up.

EASY PAYMENTS. These organs are sold for cash or easy payments, or will be rented until rent pays for an organ.

A NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, just issued, fully describing and illustrating MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED STYLES OF ORGANS, with *net* PRICE LISTS and circulars, will be sent free to any one desiring them. *Certainly no one should buy or rent any organ without having seen these circulars, which contain much useful information about organs.*

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO.,

154 Tremont Street, BOSTON; 46 East 14th Street (Union Square,) NEW YORK; 149 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

An observatory has just been completed on Mount Etna, 9,671 feet above the sea level.

Perfumes exert a healthful influence on the atmosphere, converting its oxygen into ozone.

The gastric juice is more acid while digestion is going on than in the intervals of the process.

It is claimed that railway ties saturated in creosote will last for twenty years or more in good condition.

Sugar, according to a prominent physician, promotes digestion, and may be prescribed in certain cases of dyspepsia.

The locomotives on some Russian railroads are heated with crude naphtha, which is introduced into the tender as it comes from the wells.

The eggs of a gnat are placed side by side to form the figure of a boat, so that the gnat-boat, like the life-boat, has the property of righting itself when capsized.

Gases from the furnaces in iron districts are very injurious to trees in the neighborhood. The sulphuric acid contained in the gases is absorbed by the leaves.

The gleam of falling water attracts certain insects as powerfully as does artificial light. In Iceland, moth after moth have been seen flying deliberately into a waterfall, where they disappear.

To deodorize rubber, cover the articles with charcoal dust, place them in a closed vessel, and raise the temperature to 94° F. Let them remain for several hours and they will be found free from all odor.

By breathing for some moments on a glass goblet previously moistened with water, and next rinsing the glass in pure distilled water, this liquid will be found, by the usual tests, to contain ammonia and nitric acid.

The tsetse fly of Africa, whose bite proves fatal to domestic animals, lays its eggs within the flesh at every bite, and the animal which dies from the effect proves to contain myriads of white worms in its stomach.

The Chinese pharmacopœia contains instruction for making various kinds of wine known as mutton, deer, dog or snake wine. The ingredients of mutton wine are a sheep, milk, brown sugar, honey, raisins and various drugs.

Placing one or two bits of roast meat on the leaves of the *drosera rotundefolia* shows that the leaves fed were of a brighter green than those starved. The supply of nitrogen had evidently assisted in the production of chlorophyl.

A new use of the micro-telephone is that of finding underground water-courses. The micro-phones are buried in the soil on a hillside, and each connected with a separate battery and telephone. By listening at the telephone at night, the faintest murmur or gurgling of water can be detected.

Indian Courtship.

Among the Northwestern tribes of Indians innocence is as marked among the girls as their color. The impression that the red maiden does not entertain a high standard of morality is an error, for she is taught as other girls are, and grows up with well-developed ideas of the responsibilities of life, and a firm resolution to discharge them. Educated in the faith that she was ordained to work, she trains herself to undergo hard labor, and at sixteen years of age is sturdy and strong, brave against fatigue and a perfect housewife.

She may not possess New England notions of cleanliness, but she takes not a little pride in her personal appearance, and in the arrangement of her lodge she displays some crude ideas of taste and a certain amount of neatness. If she marry a white man she makes him a good wife as long as she lives with him. His home is her sole comfort and his comfort her whole ambition. She thinks of him and for him, and makes it her study to please him and make him respect and love her. She recognizes in him one of a superior race, and by her dignity and devotion endears herself to him, and struggles to make him happy.

At the agencies of the upper frontier thousands of men are employed, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the majority of them have Indian wives and live happily. They are not sought after by the maidens, for the Indian girl's custom is to remain quiet until after the marriage contract is made and the marriage portion paid over. The husband must have the dowry, with which he must invest his projected mother-in-law before the ceremony takes place. The process is a little out of the usual run, and a description may be of interest:

The aspiring bridegroom must be well known in the tribe before he can hope to win a wife. Her people want to thoroughly understand him, and know if he can support not only her, but also her relatives in the event of a pinch. He must be a kind-hearted man, with a temper warranted to keep in any domestic climate, and he must have a good lodge, and at least half a dozen horses. If he be, and have all these, he can a-wooing go. Selecting the lady, he makes application to her mother, and at a council the price is fixed upon.

If the girl be especially pretty, her mother will demand a gun, two horses and a lot of provisions, blankets and cloth. A gun is valued at $50, a horse at $20, and he must furnish material to bring the amount up to from $100 to $150. Then he tries to beat the dame down, and if he succeeds he knows there is some reason for letting the girl go; if not, he understands that he is getting a good choice. The courtship is left entirely to the mother.—*Montreal Star.*

A Detective's Story.

There is a story told of a lady and gentleman traveling together on an English railroad. They were strangers to each other. Suddenly the gentleman said:

"Madam, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes; I am going to make some changes in my wearing apparel."

"Certainly, sir," she replied with great politeness, rising and turning her back upon him. In a short time he said:

"Now, Madam, my change is completed, and you may resume your seat."

When the lady turned she beheld her male companion transformed into a dashing lady with a heavy veil over her face.

"Now, sir, or madam, whichever you are," said the lady, "I must trouble you to look out of the window, for I also have some changes to make in my apparel."

"Certainly, madam," and the gentleman in lady's attire immediately complied.

"Now, sir, you may resume your seat."

To his great surprise, on resuming his seat, the gentleman in female attire found his lady companion transformed into a man. He laughed and said:

"It appears that we are both anxious to escape recognition. What have you done? I have robbed a bank?"

"And I," said the whilom lady, as he dexterously fettered his companion's wrists with a pair of handcuffs, "I am Detective J——, of Scotland Yard, and in female apparel have shadowed you for two days—now," drawing a revolver, "keep still."

Knowledge addresses these alarming words to the modern burlesque writers who made horrid puns and their equally inculpated audience who enjoy them: "It is not, perhaps, commonly known that a tendency to make puns is regarded by many students of mental physiology as a sign of cerebral disease."

Daphne McGuire.

"There is no more pie."

"God help us, then," said Daphne McGuire, looking up to her mother with a weary, wistful, why doesn't-somebody-buy-me-a-seal-skin-sacque expression on her oval face.

Mrs. McGuire did not reply. Leaning her bangless head on a thin, white hand—the hand that Vivian O'Rourke had called "a dimpled treasure that one might risk his soul to win," that night, so many years ago, that she had rejected his proffered love and caused him to wander away in wild despair and marry Girofle Quirk—and thought of how, had she plighted her troth to him, life would now have been a garden in which pretty flowers waved their bright faces, instead of a wind-swept waste, barren alike of flowers and venture. She remembered how, for the first few years after their marriage, every thing went well with Percicles McGuire, and how, when Daphne was a prattling infant, he had come home full one evening and told her in proud tones that he had reached the summit of his ambition, and was a policeman. All these memories of the past—the bitter and the sweet—came surging through her mind as she looked out through her tears and saw the Blue Island avenue cars going by like ghosts in the twilight.

"Why do you weep, mamma?" said Daphne, placing her soft West Side arms about the neck of the mother she loved so dearly—the only mother she had.

"I fear me, Bridget," said Mrs. McGuire, using the pet name by which Daphne was known at home, "that our future must indeed be a cheerless one; that the coming days will hold for us only sorrow and misery."

"Do not be disheartened, mamma," replied the girl, kicking the dog off the front steps and kissing her mother with a warm, lingering, I-have-come-to-stay-all-winter-and-part-of-the-spring kiss. "Things may not be so bad as they seem. We have still one hope, you know, one resource in case all else fails."

"What is it, child?" asked the mother in hoarse, anxious tones. "What is this hope you speak of?"

"Doughnuts," replied Daphne, speaking the word softly, and with infinite tenderness. "We have a jar of them down stairs, you know."

"Then let us tackle them at once," said the grief-stricken parent, starting for the pantry at a 2:20 clip.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Guilty, but Drunk."

Capt. Henry's misadventure recalls a story which went the rounds twenty-five or thirty years ago, and is old enough to be new. It illustrates the embarrassment which a glass too much sometimes occasions the best of men. There lived in Georgia, says Col. Bradbury, whom Burton credits with the narrative, a Circuit Judge by the name of Brown, a man of ability, of integrity and beloved and respected by all the legal profession. But he had one fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into occasional excesses. In traveling the circuit it was his habit, the night before opening court, to get "comfortably corned." In a certain county town, one day, a tough citizen was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the clerk had read the indictment to him he put the question:

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, but drunk," answered the prisoner.

"What's that plea?" exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What's the charge against the man?"

"He is indicted for grand larceny."

"What's the case?"

"May it please your Honor," said the Prosecuting Attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is, hey? and he pleads"—

"He pleads guilty, but drunk!"

The Judge was now fully aroused.

"Guilty, but drunk! That is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, you are certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the Judge, "do the favor to enter a *nolle prosequi* in that man's case. That liquor of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do anything dirty. The court got drunk on it the other night and stole all of Sterritt's spoons! Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff; I adjourn the court."—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

East Indian Snakes and Wolves.

An East India paper says: "One thousand two hundred and sixty-four persons were killed by wild animals and 9,515 by snakes in the Presidency of Bengal last year. In the same period the number of cattle destroyed was upward of 12,000. This, says a Bombay paper, is a considerable bill of mortality for one Presidency, but we suppose in this, as in all other matters, as is so often asserted, the 'minor Presidencies' must admit the superiority of Bengal. Compared with the returns of 1878, the figures quoted from an interesting statement just issued by Mr. Counsell, the Acting Registrar, show a considerable increase. In one respect, however, there was a falling off, namely, in the number of persons killed by wolves—eighty-three, against 152 in 1878. Probably wolves are less voracious in Bengal than they used to be, but the shikars, amateur and professional, have not shown more consideration for them than formerly. Indeed, the sportsmen have met with greater success than ever, for nearly 500 more were killed than in the previous twelve months. Altogether 5,543 wild animals were destroyed during the past year. From the statistics sent in to Government it appears that 21,102 snakes were killed, against 24,276 in 1878, but the actual number was probably very much larger. The returns relate only to the snakes for the destruction of which rewards were paid. These rewards are only given for cobras, daboras, and keraits destroyed within the limits of towns, municipalities, and villages in which the Village Chowkidaree act is in force, and it seems that many persons who destroy venomous snakes, even within the limits for which rewards are given, never ask for the money to which they are entitled. The total amount paid in rewards last year was 28,370.14 rupees."

An Event in Ole Bull's Career.

The Academy of Music was reopened on the 19th of February, 1855, under the management of the very distinguished Norse violinist, Ole Bull, who leased that vast and splendid void for a short season. Among his artists were Clotilde Patti, Vestvali, Brignoli, and Badialdi; and he offered a prize of one thousand dollars for the best original grand opera by an American composer on an American subject; the copyright to be retained by the author—a vain proposal and an unwise limitation. Music is not cultivated thus; neither by prize-giving, nor by efforts to elevate art and encourage native artists, and still less by insisting upon native subjects. The whole history of literature and of the fine arts is a rebuke to such folly. It was in keeping with this project that Ole Bull should go to ruin as a manager with greater speed than any of his predecessors. He did not last two months; and his short managerial career is worthy of this brief warning notice only because of his distinction as a virtuoso, and because in that capacity he had shown no less skill in manipulating public curiosity than in handling his instrument.—*Richard Grant White, in the Century.*

An Old, Old Story.

C-o-m-e in! Well I declare, stranger, you gave me quite a turn! I—I—was kind of expectin' somebody, and for half a minute I thought mebbe as 'twas her, but she'd never stop to knock; want a bite and a sup and a night's lodging? Why of course; sit down, I—a—most forgot to ask you, I was that flustrated. Poor soul! How tired and worn out you look! I can make you comfortable for the night and give you a good meal of victuals and a shake-down on the floor, but I would hardly like to put you in Lizzie's room—she was that particular, and your clothes are so wet and drabbled. Why, woman, what makes you shake so—ague? Never heard tell of any in these parts. Guess you must have brought it with you. Well, a good night's rest will set you up wonderfully, and you can lie right here, by the stove, and the fire a smolderin' will keep you warm, and the light will be burnin' till its broad day—broad day!

What do I keep the light a-burnin' for? Well, now, when folks ask me that, sometimes I tell them one thing and sometimes I tell them another. I don't know as I mind tellin' you, because you are such a poor, misfortunit creatur, and a stranger, and my heart kind of goes out to such. You see, I have a daughter. She's been away these ten years, has Lizzie, and they do say as she's livin' in grandeur in some furrin' place, and she's had her head turned with it all, for she never lets her poor old mother hear from her, and the fine people she's with coaxed her off unbeknownst to me, and I don't mind tellin' you as it was a great shock to me, and I ain't the same woman since Lizzie went out one night, and when she kissed me said, "Leave a light in the window, mother, till I come back;" and that was ten years ago, and I've never seen her since, but I've burned a light in the window every night all these ten years, and shall till she comes home. Yes it's hard to be a mother and be disappointed so. I allowed she was dead till folks, as seen her well and splendid, told me different, and I was sick a long time—that's what made my hair so white—but I hope she never heard of it, 't would have made her as miserable as I was, and her fine things would not be much comfort to her! Folks blame her terribly, but I'm her mother, and it just seems as if I could see her, so pretty, with her long brown curls, and the smile she had, and her gentle ways, and I loving her better than heaven above me! This is my punishment—to sit alone all day and never go to sleep at night, but I hear her crying "Mother! mother! where are you?" and if I go once, I go a dozen times to the door, and look up and down the lonesome road and call, L-i-z-z-i-e! L-i-z-z-i-e!" and there's never any answer but the night wind moaning in the trees.

Well, I did't mean to make you feel so bad; don't cry, poor soul! You've had enough trouble of your own, I guess, by your looks! Your hands are like ice—and your temples and your face is white and—and—and—why, what is this? You are not old and your hair hangs in brown curls—and your eyes—Merciful God! it's Lizzie come back to her mother—it's my child that was lost and is found—put out the light.

A Touching Incident.

When Mrs. Mary A. Livermore lectured in Albion, Michigan, recently, at the close of the lecture, an elderly, white-haired woman approached her, with the following inquiry:

"Do you remember writing a letter for John— of the Twelfth Michigan Volunteers, when he lay dying in the Overton Hospital at Memphis, during the spring of 1863, and of completing the letter to his wife and mother after he had died?"

Mrs. Livermore replied that she wrote so many letters during the war, under similar circumstances, that she could not recall any particular case.

The woman drew a letter from her pocket that had been torn into pieces in the folds of the note and was then stitched together with fine sewing cotton.

"Do you remember this letter?" she asked.

Mrs. Livermore recognized her penmanship and admitted her authorship to the letter. The first four pages were written to his wife and mother, at the dictation of a young soldier who had been shot through the lungs, and was dying of the wound. Then she had completed the letter by the addition of three pages written by herself, beside the dead husband and son, in which she sought to comfort the lonely and bereaved relatives.

"I thought my daughter-in-law and I would have died when we heard that John was dead, but for this letter," said the worn and weary-looking woman. "It comforted us both, and by-and-by, when we heard of other women similarly afflicted, we sent them the letter to read, till it was torn in pieces. Then we sewed the pieces together and made copies of the letter, which we sent to those of our acquaintance whom the war bereft.

"But Annie, my son's wife, never got over John's death. She kept about, and worked and went to church, but the life had gone out of her. Eight years ago she died of gastric fever. One day, a little before her death, she said, 'Mother, if you ever find Mrs. Livermore, or hear of her, I wish you would give her my wedding-ring, which has never been off my finger since John put it there, and which will not be taken off till I am dead. Ask her to wear it for John's sake and mine, and tell her it was my dying request.'"

"I live eight miles from here," continued the woman, "and when I read in the papers that you were to lecture here to-night, I decided to drive over and give you the ring, if you will accept it."

Deeply affected by this touching narrative, not a particular of which she is able to recall, Mrs. Livermore extended her hand, and the widowed and childless woman put the ring on her finger, with a fervently uttered benediction.

The Bicycles.

As a mere machine for transportation, the bicycle is entitled to a high consideration. In England, and more especially in the large cities like London, the bicycle has taken an acknowledged place with the cab, the omnibus, the tramway, and the steam-car. In London thousands of them are in use by men who employ them for the same purpose that they would a saddle-horse. They go to their business on them in the morning and return at night, with the same regularity that other men traverse the same routes by means of the regular lines of transportation. This is the case often with men who live as many as from six to ten miles from their places of business. They escape the fetid air of the omnibus, they have no fare to pay, and as a rule they make the journey in less time than they could were they to travel by the usual vehicles of transportation. In this direction the matter of economy is of no small account. The person who uses a bicycle to go to and from his place of business in London, or in any of the larger cities of the country, save not less than ten cents a day—a not very large sum, it is true, but one which pays him from forty to fifty per cent. per annum on his purchase of a machine, and gives him the advantage of a most inspiriting and delightful method of locomotion.

They tell a story of a Brazillian bandit that would make the James boys feel that they had just begun to learn the rudiments of the business. After listening awhile to an organ grinder he stepped up to him, cut off his head, and placing it on top of the organ proceeded to turn the handle himself, while the bystanders looked on with horror.

Adulterated Tobacco.

A pamphlet has been published, showing that in Germany thousands of tons of beet leaves are transformed into tobacco. In some places chiccory and cabbage leaves make the fragrant weed. An English chemist found a stuff sold for tobacco was the leaves of a diaphoretic plant. It has been impossible to sell the plant as a drug, and it has been turned into tobacco to save loss.

Another writer informs everybody, or wants to, that chemists have an important place in tobacco factories. Fifteen factories in New York employ chemists to "flavor" cigars. They can not do much with the wrapper, but they can "heighten and develop," the fillings. It is a relief to know on the authority of the writer quoted that opium is not used, although it used to be formerly, in England, but stringent laws broke the practice. The substances used to flavor tobacco are numerous. Every manufacturer has his own formula. Vanilla is the most common. This is employed in the form of an alcoholic tincture to flavor fillings. It is said that few cigars are free from vanilla. Its effects are not harmful if not used in excess. The tonka bean and balsam fir are used in the same way and for the same purpose. Cedar oil is also introduced. The best imitator of the tobacco flavor is valerian. Valerian and vanilla are the most valuable chemicals now in use by tobacconists. By their use the poorest stems may be converted into fair tobacco. Into cigarettes enter not only valerian and vanilla, but cascarilla bark. To make cigars burn, ammonia is used, and they are soaked in saltpetre. The latter is injurious and makes young men old with dispatch. The object of its use is to cause the cigar to burn freely. It has been noticed by some smokers that an intoxicating effect has been produced by some cigars. This is produced by dipping the fillings in a solution of sulphuric ether and bromide of potassium. When it is known that New England rum is used with vanilla and valerian, it is nothing to wonder at that the cigars so treated produce intoxication. We do not name the brand that is treated with New England rum. If we did, the demand would excel the supply. To make tobacco, or aid in its adulteration, such other things as potato leaves, sugar, potash, tamarinds, aniseed, gum and various oils not heretofore mentioned are used to a greater or lesser extent. In New York alone, 826,666,500 cigars are made annually, besides, 229,800,000 cigarettes, and twenty-five thousand persons are employed.—*Providence Journal.*

Art Thoughts.

The arts are dependent upon the customs and manners of the people.

In countries where caste prejudice predominates, we may look for stupendous edifices, the work of the servile class under the direction of the reigning caste.

The mighty pyramids attest this truth. Time was of no value and human servitude and sacrifice of little moment, in view of the grand monumental result.

The Egyptians took no delight in commerce or in industrial progress; they were self-contained, self-immured, solitary, and it is small wonder that the King's workmen should devote a lifetime only to the excavating and the decorating of the tomb of the King.

The Greeks conducted the arts into new channels. The extent of their coast, and their republican government aided and stimulated commerce, progress, and the spirit of research, common to this people.

With the Greeks nothing was valueless which showed intrinsic beauty. They had a rare passion for form, for perfection; everything useful must also be ideal. With practice came skill, the appreciation of time, and the rewards of industry. In a short space of time they monopolized commerce, and industry, and perfected all the arts.

The Egyptians and Hindoos, by caste prejudice and isolation, never rose higher than their own barren intelligence in matters of art. The Greeks had "Progress" for a watch-word. Thought was necessary to progress, and all their works are incarnations of the best and ripest thought of the age in which they were produced.

With the Greeks a colossus is not carven like a life-size figure, and a bas relief which receives direct light differs from one which receives reflected light. This is the result of their delicacy of perception, their minute study of nature, and the perfection of their *technique.*

Greek sculpture and architecture owe their beauty and significance to their impressiveness, and this is due to fidelity to nature. There they found harmony, unity, strength, grace, beauty, perfection; they knew how to translate all these sentiments of the Creator into the language of art, and the result was ideal perfection.

Ideal style may be defined as the correct translation into art of those phenomena and attributes of nature which are significant of action, and perpetuity. The task of translating and embodying the eternal creative canons is the province of genius. And genius is but conformity to natural laws in applying them to artistic symbolism.—*F. Farrand Felch in Indianapolis Herald.*

A Model Sexton.

Josiah H. Haywood, sexton of the Church of the Unity, Boston, has recently celebrated his silver wedding. Among the incidents of the festive occasion was the reading of a letter from Rev. M. J. Savage, his pastor, in which he said:

"I propose therefore—entirely for your own good— to suggest a few faults. If you can only manage to cure these you will have become the ideal sexton, and you can command a salary of $10,000 a year, or perhaps more than that, by traveling with Barnum as the greatest curiosity of the age. The faults I allude to are such as these:

"First—You have not yet learned how to make the church hot and cold at the same time. You must learn how to make one pew mark seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, while the next one to it is down to a point where it would be uncomfortable for an esquimaux.

"Second—You do not seem to know how to have a free circulation, a plenty of fresh air, and yet not have any draught anywhere. You must invent some way to make all the draughts skip the pews where rheumatic and bald-headed people sit.

"Third—You have not yet acquired the art of having the church flooded with light while the blinds are shut at the same time. This should be attended to at once, and you should not offer any such poor excuse as that it is impossible.

"Fourth—You must find out some way of giving everybody the best seat, right in the center of the church, no matter whether the pews are already full or not.

"Fifth—You must learn how to fill all the pews with strangers without making anybody 'mad' about it, and, at the same time, have plenty of room left for the regular pew-holders.

"Sixth—And finally you shall spend your leisure time in inventing a patent church that shall be just warm enough, and not too light, but just light enough, where all the people, whatever their mental, moral or physical condition, will be perfectly comfortable, and—crowning achievement of all—that shall have all the seats in the middle.

"What is a sexton for, anyhow, if he can't please everybody at the same time?"

It was a French woman who exclaimed, holding up a glass of sparkling fresh water: "Ah! if it were only wicked to drink this, how nice it would taste."

Teaching a Calf to Drink.

Those who have had a mournful experience, know that there is nothing more trying to the soul than the operation of teaching a young calf to drink. The process is familiar to every man who has brought up a calf from infancy. You seize a pail of warm milk, go into the stable, catch the calf by the ears, back him into a corner and bestride his neck. The idiot rather likes this, and while you are reaching for the pail, he employs his time in slobbering the lower corners of your jacket. You discover what the blockhead is about and box his ears. You can't help it. You feel that way and let him have it. But the calf can't tell for the life of him why he has been struck, and he gives a sudden and unexpected "flounce." He believes he will go over and stay on the other side of the stable, but he doesn't announce this beforehand. He starts on the impulse of the moment and you can't tell just when he arrives there. You ride along with him a little way. But the laws of gravitation are always about the same. Your legs—one on each side of the critter—keep up with the calf for about a second, but your body doesn't. You slide over the calf, and your back kisses the floor. Your head is soaking in the pail of milk. When you get up you are mad—uncommonly so. Milk runs from your hair and imprecations out of your mouth. There is buttermilk in your eye, and you solemnly declare you will learn that calf to drink or break his blanked neck. The calf doesn't know of this resolve, and he glares at you in stupid fright from across the stable. He is not aware that he was the cause of your downfall, and wonders ignorantly what in thunder is the matter. You don't try to explain it to him, but furiously catch him by the ears, look back over your shoulder at the milk pail, and back up toward it, dragging the calf after you, who bawls out in a manner which seems to say, "Is this the way you treat a fellow-creature?" You again back into the corner, sling your left leg over him and once more try to get his head in chancery. The calf attempts a little more funny business and plunges suddenly forward. You are on the lookout for breakers this time, and having a firm hold on his ears, you mutter through your clenched jaws, "No you don't, honey." But he does, though, and you "cross the continent" together by the "rapid transit" line. You hadn't intended to go, but that is where you and the calf didn't see it alike. You take his view of it a few moments later. You astride off the calf's neck and jamming the finger's of one hand into its mouth, you place the other on the back of his head and above his nose into the pail for drink, fully resolved to strangle him, if he don't drink. The calf holds perfectly still—ominously so—and there is silence in heaven for the space of half a minute, at the end of which time the blockhead, who hasn't drank a drop, suddenly makes a splurge, knocks the pail to "kingdom come," milk and all; you are again reduced to a horizontal from a perpendicular, and when you rise the excitement is intense. You have been soaked with milk, "slobbered" on, and hurt and abused the worst way. Not a drop of milk has gone down the infernal brute's neck and there he stands glaring at you, ready to furnish you another free ride anywhere you want to go. With an affidavit you bang him over the head with the empty pail and hobble out of the pen, mad and hurt all through, fully resolved to let your four-footed fool starve.

A Close Call.

The people of a little town in Warrick County were on the brink of a fragrant church scandal. Just before the close of the services, a good brother walked forward to the pulpit, handed the minister an announcement, as he thought, and asked him to read it to the congregation before he dismissed them. Just before time was called on the doxology the minister said:

"Brother Bramley has handed in the following;" and in a clear voice he read the note which ran as follows:

My Own Pet Bram.—Are you never coming to see me again? I am dying to see my darling once more and gaze into his beloved eyes. The old mummy that calls herself your wife will never find it out. How can you endure her? Come, darling, to one who truly loves you. Your own and only MARY.

The good brother had handed in the wrong announcement. At the close of the reading the minister looked horror-struck, the congregation stared at Bramley with cold, hard stares and his wife rose up in her seat and glared at him like a tigress. He was equal to the occasion, however, and rising calmly and with a look of perfect resignation on his face he said:

"Brothers and Sisters—It may appear strange to you that I should ask our beloved pastor to read such a terrible thing as that from the pulpit, but the best way to fight the devil is to fight him boldly face to face. The writer of that vile note is unknown to me, but it is evidently some depraved child of sin who is endeavoring to besmirch my christian reputation. I shall use every endeavor to ferret out the writer and if discovered will fearlessly proclaim her name and hold her up to the contempt of all good christian people."

He sat down amid the murmur of approbation and sympathy, and his wife wanted to hug him right before the congregation. That evening he told the writer of the note what had occurred and remarked with a grin that it was the closest call he ever had in his life.—*Evansville Argus.*

Language Cannot Describe It.

Mr. Robert Gould, book-keeper for Walker & Maxey, who are lumber dealers, recently said to our representative: "About one year ago I was taken with the genuine sciatica. I employed the best physicians, but they could only relieve me for the moment. Finally I used St. Jacobs Oil and it effected a complete cure."—*Kennebec Reporter, Gardiner, Me.*

Henry Ward Beecher's habit of reading while traveling at railway speed, says the Hartford *Post*, favors both his eyes and his brain. He does not pore over a book constantly, but satisfies himself with leisurely references to it. After reading not to exceed a page and a half, he drops the book into his lap, and rests in reflection and window-gazing for a few minutes before he resumes his reading. This process of book study is gone over with uniform exactness. When he has enough "inwardly digested," he goes into a doze till refreshed, and bends to the book again.

Mr. Gail B. Johnson, business manager of the Houston (Texas) *Post*, has used St. Jacobs Oil with the greatest benefit for rheumatism, says the Galveston (Texas) *News.*

A return issued by the German Postmaster General shows the number of post-cards used in Europe in the year 1878 to have been 342,000,000. Of that number 111,455,000 were posted in the United Kingdom, 108,741,000 in Germany, and 30,522,000 in France. In the United States during the year 1879 246,000,000 cards were dispatched by the postoffice, and it is estimated that during 1880 the figure will rise to 300,000,000. The German postal authorities estimate the number of cards in use throughout the postal union at about 700,000,000.

A St. Louis Man's Statement.

St. Louis, Mo., April 29, 1881.

H. H. Warner & Co.: *Sirs*—I was cured of painful kidney disease by your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. J. B. Reynolds.

THE WORKSHOP.

The difficulty in the way of using plaster of Paris, due to contraction and expansion, may be to a great extent overcome by mixing it with lime water.

The fan in use for ventilating the St. Louis railroad tunnel between the bridge and the Union station, will clear it from smoke of the heaviest freight train in three minutes.

Sealing wax is not wax at all, nor does it contain a single particle of wax. It is made of shellac, Venice turpentine and cinnibar. Cinnibar gives it the deep red color, and turpentine renders the shellac soft and less brittle.

English steel casting of a certain class are, by some manufacturers, it appears, made from old files in connection with other material, and are said to be sound and very strong. It is stated that the excess of carbon in such stock proves to be of no disadvantage.

A new form of drill press is now made. It has the column carrying the platen at one side of the frame, so that the platen can be swung out entirely clear of the frame; this leaves nothing between it and the work, which is bolted on the main bed-plate under the platen.

An anti-friction composition, used with great success in Bavaria, instead of oil, tallow, etc., is thus made: Ten and one-half parts of lard are melted with two parts of pulverized plumbago; the lard is melted, the plumbago mixed in slowly, stirred well, and the mixture applied cold.

To remove bolts that have rusted without breaking them the most effectual remedy known is the liberal application of petroleum. Care must be taken that the rusted parts are reached by it, and some time must be allowed to give it a chance to soften the layer of rust before any attempts are made to remove the bolt.

The decay of wood embedded in the earth is difficult to guard against, but according to the *British Farmer's Gazette*, a simple precaution, costing neither money nor labor, will increase the durability of posts put in the ground by fifty per cent. This is simply by taking care that the wood is inverted, i. e., placed in the opposite direction to that in which it grew. Experiments have proved that oak posts put in the ground in the same position in which they grew, top upward, were rotten in twelve years, while their neighbors, cut from the same tree and placed top downwards in the soil, showed no signs of decay for several years afterward. The theory is that the capillary tubes in the tree are so adjusted as to oppose the rising moisture when the wood is inverted.

"Dragging Pains."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—My wife had suffered with "female weaknesses" for nearly three years. At times she could hardly move, she had such dragging pains. We often saw your "Favorite Prescription" advertised, but supposed like most patent medicines it did not amount to anything, but at last concluded to try a bottle, which she did. It made her sick at first, but it began to show its effect in a marked improvement, and two bottles cured her. Yours, etc., A. J. Huyck, Deposit, N. Y.

Dying.

An expectant nephew took one side the physician who visited his uncle, and demanded to know the whole truth concerning that beloved relative.

"He is dying," said the doctor.

The nephew howled with piteous lamentations. But the old doctor, who knew human nature, and expectant nephews in particular, exclaimed:

"You misunderstood me! I did not say he was recovering—I said he is *dying!*"

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets," or sugar-coated granules—the original "little liver pills" (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

A Widower.

A Western man having lost his wife, a sympathizing friend remarked upon his woe-begone appearance.

"Well, I guess you would look thin, too," was the melancholy rejoinder, "if you had to get up before daylight, make the fires, draw water, split wood, and feed the cattle before breakfast. I tell you what it is, if I don't get some one to fill poor, dear, sainted Maria's place, I shall be resting by her side before many weeks."

Suicide Made Easy.

Let your liver complaint take its own course and don't take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

How to Say It.

Say "I would rather walk," and not "I had rather walk."

Say "I doubt not but I shall," and not "I don't doubt but I shall."

Say "for you and me," and not "for you and I."

Say "whether I be present or not," and not "present or no."

Say "not that I know," and not "that I know of."

Say "return it to me," and not "return it back to me."

Say "I seldom see him," and not "that I seldom or ever see him."

Say "fewer friends," and not "less friends."

Say "if I mistake not," and not "if I am not mistaken."

Say "game is plentiful," and not "game is plenty."

Say "I am weak in comparison with you," and not "to you."

Say "it rains very fast," and not "very hard."

Say "in its primitive sense," and not "primary sense."

Say "he was noted for his violence," and not that "he was a man notorious for violence."

Say "thus much is true," and not "this much is true."

Say "I lifted it," and not "I lifted it up."

And last, but not least, say "I take my paper and pay for it in advance."

Kidney-Wort radically cures biliousness, piles and nervous diseases.

Sea-anemones have no real nervous system; the sense of touch is distributed throughout the whole animal.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

If contemplating Building or Painting send for the new Architectural Catalogue published by Wm. T. Comstock, 6 Astor Place, New York.

One greasing with Frazer Axle Grease will last two weeks, all others two or three days. Try it. It received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Exposition.

Agents wanted for our Indian Remedies. Mandan and Osage Med. Co., Keytesville, Mo.

Personal.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Appliances, on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vitality and manhood. Address as above.

N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed.

Pure cod-liver oil, from selected livers, on the sea shore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

Chapped hands, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Try the new brand Spring Tobacco.

VIOLIN! Four Strings—E. A. D. G. Will forward by mail in box by sending 25c. postage stamps. JONES & CO., 882 6th Ave., N. Y.

$225 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world; 1 sample free. Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

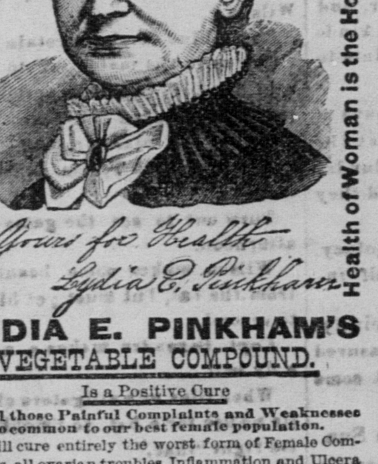
Poor We'uns.

As we look across the broad expanse of plain which lies between our fair city and the Medicine Bow range, whose lofty peaks are crowned with perpetual snows; glance at the cone-like form of Diamond Peak in the southwest, beyond which we know lies the roaring Cache la Poudre, in whose cool waters sport myriads of speckled trout, and along whose banks the deer, elk, antelope, and festive John rabbit are sporting; then turn to the hills on the east, whose cool canyons and towering pines seem to murmur "come," we feel as though we would like to leave the city and get out among them. Other people can go out for summer trips. The "over-worked" preacher, who gets up one sermon a week; the forlorn lawyer, who has had one case since Christmas; the merchant, who spends four hours a day in his office; the gentlemen of leisure, and old maids, and young maids, and lovers, and everybody except the hod-carriers and newspaper men. They must stay at home. They have no right to look at the hills; no rights that other people are bound to respect. No right to think of babbling brooks, rod or gun. The newspaper fiend must stay within the sacred precincts of the city where his journal is printed, and be called a liar, free-lunch dispenser, theater deadhead, an incessant noser, roustabout, and deck hand generally—a victim of the vials of public disfavor. Must receive and digest all the abuse of humanity generally, and several counties to hear from; be abused if he publishes the news, and abused if he doesn't—a person who is regarded as a necessary evil, and at the same time one to be feared. Must forget his own troubles and lay before his readers each evening a newsy, spicy, readable paper, even though he may feel more like entering a lunatic asylum as a regular boarder than writing for others' amusement.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

"As the American," says the Rev. David Swing, of Chicago, "can outchew and out-spit and out-talk the rest of the world, so can he out-swear the residue of humanity. Sitting behind two gentlemen for a day, as our train glided along from St. Paul toward Chicago, the words 'by God' came back to me 700 times, when bedtime made me quit counting."

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman.



Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure
for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists.

ASTHMA CURED

German Asthma Cure never *fails* to give *immediate relief* in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A *trial convinces the most skeptical.* Price 50c and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. Dr. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

EVERY ONE STUDYING MUSIC
Will get valuable information FREE by sending for circular to E. TOURJEE, Boston, Mass.

NEW RICH BLOOD!
Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take one pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

USE NONE BUT THE BEST. THE GREAT FAMILY SOAP MAKER
SAPONIFIER
THE ORIGINAL CONCENTRATED LYE
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS
PENN'A SALT MF'G CO. PHILA.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED.
New Edition, 118,000 Words, (3000 more than any other English Dictionary,) Four Pages Colored Plates, 3000 Engravings, (nearly three times the number in any other Dict'y,) also contains a Biographical Dictionary giving brief important facts concerning over 9700 noted persons. Recommended by State Supt's of Education in 36 States, and by 50 College Presidents.
G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

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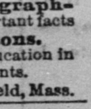


OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

CONSUMPTIVES send your name and address to S. B. ALLEN, 166 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

YACHTING.

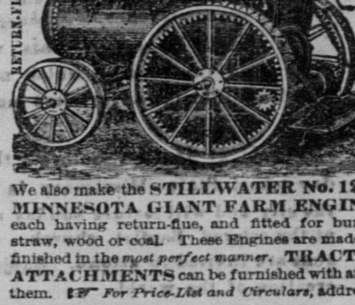
One of the most invigorating and pleasing pastimes is yachting. [illegible] the elements is productive of much rheumatism among them. St. Jacobs Oil [illegible] men, because [illegible] them. Capt. [illegible] Staten Island, N. Y., says that he was a great sufferer [illegible]. He had several [illegible] portion of his [illegible] he would [illegible] business. [illegible] ever, and, [illegible] any trouble [illegible] St. Jacobs Oil [illegible] menced to [illegible] anything [illegible] place with [illegible] claimed for [illegible] much good [illegible] they had [illegible] in every [illegible] say that St. Jacobs Oil [illegible] matic remedy [illegible]. This experience [illegible] only by [illegible] water, but [illegible] variety of [illegible].

MINNESOTA CHIEF

Wonderfully simple and perfect in its threshing and separating qualities. Saves ALL the Grain and cleans it ready for Market. Runs easily, constructed durably, finished beautifully, least expensive, and most economical and SATISFACTORY MACHINE NOW MADE. It will handle wet grain as well as dry. It has no equal in threshing flax and timothy; cleans both as well as wheat; requires no change except the sieve. Has more square feet of separating and cleaning surface than any other machine; can not be overloaded. It is both over and under blast. Our CLOVER HULLING ATTACHMENT (new and very desirable.) SEPARATORS of the various sizes fitted for Steam or Horse-Power. The ELWARD, the PITTS and the WOODBURY Horse-Powers, as made by us, are unexcelled.

BEST THRESHER IN USE

STILLWATER No. 10 ENGINE



Cylinder 7x12
For WOOD or COAL
RETURN-FLUE BOILER
SAVES FUEL.

We also make the STILLWATER No. 12 and MINNESOTA GIANT FARM ENGINES, each having return-flue, and fitted for burning straw, wood or coal. These Engines are made and finished in the *most perfect manner.* TRACTION ATTACHMENTS can be furnished with any of them. For Price-List and Circulars, address

SEYMOUR, SABIN & CO.
Manufacturers, Stillwater, Minn.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD

Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and including a history of the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman Empires, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, etc., etc.

It contains 672 fine historical engravings, and is the most complete History of the World ever published. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents. Address National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER. 25c. package makes 5 gallons of a delicious, wholesome, sparkling temperance beverage. Ask your druggist, or sent by mail for 25c. C. E. HIRES, 48 N. Dela. Ave., Philada.

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, one teaspoonful to one pint of food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

$30 Per Week can be made in any locality. Something entirely new for agents. $5 outfit free. G. W. INGRAHAM & Co., Boston, Mass.

LADIES can enlarge and beautify their figure without injury to themselves. Information free. Address LADIES' MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn Telegraphy in a few months, and be certain of a situation, address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

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AWARDED
GOLD MEDAL
BY THE
ATLANTA COTTON EXPOSITION,
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Exhibited at Atlanta in 1881.

Manufacturers of Steam Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills, Gang Edgers, Lath Machines, Hub and Spoke Machinery, Shafting, Hangers, Pulleys, Couplings, Gearing, Grist and Flour Mills. Send for Special Circular of our No. 1 Plantation Saw Mill, which we sell for

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Special attention given to Plantation Machinery. *Illustrated Circulars Free.*

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THRESHERS The Best is the cheapest. Illustrated price list free. THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, O.

BOOKS ON BUILDING, PAINTING, Decorating, etc. For 1882, eighty-page Illustrated Catalogue. Address, enclosing three 3-cent stamps, WM. T. COMSTOCK, 6 Astor Place, New York.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

A. N. U. Cin. O. .... Twenty-four.—82.

ITALY 1881.

ESPOSIZIONE MUSICALE IN MILANO
Sotto il Patrocinio di S. M. la Regina,
Palazzo Del R. Conservitorio.

AT THE GREAT ITALIAN MUSICAL EXPOSITION

Recently closed at Milan, was probably the MOST EXTRAORDINARY COLLECTION OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, old and new, ever brought together; fully illustrating the great progress which has been made and present high excellence of this department of manufacture. After exhaustive examinations, tests and comparisons, extending through a period of several months, more than 250 Awards were made of medals and diplomas, in recognition of degrees of super-excellence attained in the various departments of musical art and manufacture. For REED INSTRUMENTS, including Organs and Harmoniums of all descriptions, European and American,

THE GRAND SILVER MEDAL,

being the only highest award in this department, was conferred upon the

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS.

Their manufacturers value this extraordinary distinction the more highly because of the importance of the occasion, especially as an INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL INDUSTRIAL COMPETITION IN A COUNTRY SO PRE-EMINENTLY MUSICAL. The Mason & Hamlin Organs were honored by special exhibition before the Royal Court by CARLO DUCCI of Rome, and warm commendation from their Majesties, the King and Queen.

At all the great WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION for fourteen years these Organs have received the HIGHEST HONORS, *being the only American Organs which have received such at any.*

IMPROVEMENTS. During the year just closed, this Company have introduced improvements of greater value than in any similar period since the introduction of the American Organ by them, twenty years since.

ELEGANT STYLES are now received from their factories daily, surpassing in capacity and excellence anything which has been produced, and certainly worthy to be ranked with the VERY FINEST MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN THE WORLD. They are in cases of solid BLACK WALNUT, MAHOGANY, ASH, EBONIZED, &c., at net cash prices, $240, $330, $360, $390, $480, $570, $840 and $900.

POPULAR STYLES, including, also, the most valuable of the recent improvements, and adapted to all uses, public and private, in plain and elegant cases, are at $22, $30, $57, $66, 72, 84, $90, $93, $99, $102, $105, to $200, and up.

EASY PAYMENTS. These organs are sold for cash or easy payments, or will be rented until rent pays for the organ.

A NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, just issued, fully describing and illustrating MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED STYLES OF ORGANS, with net PRICE LISTS and circulars, will be sent free to any one desiring them. *Certainly no one should buy or rent any organ without having seen these circulars, which contain much useful information about organs.*

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO.,
154 Tremont Street, BOSTON; 46 East 14th Street (Union Square,) NEW YORK; 149 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO.

IMMENSE STOCK OF NEW GOODS.

GREAT ATTRACTIONS at H. BUCHANAN'S,—the biggest stock, the best stock, the cheapest stock. Large reductions in prices of all kinds of goods. Now is the time to get your bargains. I am determined to keep the lead in first class goods, and at prices that will satisfy all that they can buy the very best goods at the very lowest prices. All goods warranted as represented, and no mistake. Call and examine.

THE HICKMAN COURIER

— PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY —
GEORGE WARREN,
HICKMAN, : : : : : KENTUCKY.

FRIDAY, : : : : JUNE, 16, 1882.

FARMERS ATTENTION

We want your wool, and hides, feathers, and country produce. Highest Cash market prices paid at PLAUT BRO'S. & Co.

PASSING SMILES.

DESPAIRING old maids look languishingly even on rain-bows.

A RECENT discovery is a telephone talked to death by a barber.

A TRAMP called his shoes "corporations," because they had no soles.

THE battles of the union—fighting between husband and wife.

AUTHORS are spoken of as dwelling in attics, because so few of them are able to live on their first story.

"A FIFTY-CENT fan makes as much wind as a fifty-dollar one." Yes; and it's just the same with political orators.

AN Irish judge thus sentenced a prisoner: "You are to be hanged and I hope it will prove a warning to you."

A TOURIST in Virginia says he has been informed that wherever an old Virginian is buried a bed of mint springs up.

"YES, I want my daughter to study rhetoric," said the Vermont mother, "for she can't fry pancakes now without smoking the house all up."

DISTRACTED mother—"If you children make such a noise I shall go out of my mind." Young Rip—"Go on, mother: I'll mind the young uns while you're gone."

"How like its father it is!" exclaimed the nurse, on the occasion of the christening of a baby whose father was over seventy, and had married a young wife. "Very like," replied a satirical lady, "it hasn't a tooth in its head."

PEOPLE often complain of hard times from a mere natural tendency to growl, but a Georgia darkey the other day said "Nebber seed sich times since I was born. Work all day and steal all night, and blessed if I kin hardly make a libbin'."

A GALLANT old gentleman by the name of Page, finding a young lady's glove at a watering place, presented it to her with the following words:

"If from your glove you take the letter G,
Your glove is love—which I devote to thee."

To which the lady returned the following neat answer:

"If from the Page you take the letter P,
Your Page is age, and that won't do for me."

A GENTLEMAN informed by a bill on the window of a house, that "apartments were to be let," knocked at the door, and, attended by a pretty female, took a survey of the premises. "Pray, my dear," said he smiling, "are you to be let with these lodgings?" "No," replied the *fille de chambre* with vivacity, "but I am to be let alone."

A GENTLEMAN ordered his servant (a regular Pat) to awake him at 6 o'clock that he might get ready to start at 7 by an early coach, in which he had taken his place, for the country. The gentleman awoke and called his man: "What o'clock is it?" "Just 7, your honor." "Seven,—did I not tell you to wake me at 6?" "Yes, sir." "And why did you not?" "Because your honor was asleep."

A YOUNG man with an extremely powerful voice was in doubt what branch of musical art to adopt. He went to the composer Cherubini for advice. "Suppose you sing me a few bars," said the master. The young fellow sang so loud that the walls fairly shook. "Now," said he; "what do you think I am best fitted for?" "Auctioneer," dryly replied Cherubini.

A GOOD minister out West preached a sermon on peace-making, aimed at two of the deacons of his church who had long been at swords' points; and such was his eloquence and earnestness that directly after the benediction was pronounced one of the deacons went over to the other and remarked, with tears in his eyes, "Brother Stiggins, after such a sermon there must be peace between us. Now I can't give in, so you must."

Patriotism at a Discount.

Soon after the firing on Sumter a gentleman of New York, who passes his summers by the waters of South Bay, had occasion to drive from New York to Islip, and to pass through the principal villages along the shore. Nearly everywhere the patriotism of the people was manifested by numerous flags that waved from poles, or were flung from windows, and each village contained groups of men who were discussing the important events of the day. One village only was without bunting, and there was a sullen crowd at the principal store, whose breathings were anything but loyal. The gentleman was well known to the inhabitants, and felt justified in reproving them for their political attitude. He told what he had seen on his way down, how the other villages were decked with flags, and asked why they did not do like their neighbors. The men looked one toward another for several moments, and finally the boldest ventured to speak.

"Flags, eh?" said he, in a tone of withering contempt. "Flags!—and clams a dollar a thousand!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

Living in Quiet.

A rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects for disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, they have come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people when he said: "Wretched would be the pair, above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute detail of the domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers or two politicians can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode of arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

Our Railroad to Tiptonville.

The Louisville and Nashville system of roads, no less then the cities of Louisville and Nashville, should have an independent trans-Mississippi connection, and that opportunity is now presented by the new railroad to run from Point Pleasant, Mo. This trans-Mississippi connection will be built some day, and the route for this is from Hickman to Point Pleasant. —[*Hickman Courier.*

Admitting the feasibility of this route, reasoned from your standpoint, Bro. Warren, likewise the benefits accruing to us, as a county, we are not inclined, as a town, so much to that route for two good reasons. First, this route will have to be built by taxation, which, as a matter of fact, the people of Lake and Obion counties will never agree to. Second, it would virtually cut Tiptonville's throat as a town, for as a natural consequence business and bustle would centre around the railroad terminus. And while we are good citizens, in the main, we are not wholly devoid of selfishness. Besides, we have the assurance of a road right by our town from Obion Station to Point Pleasant. This proving a certainty, Col. Paramore will extend his St. Louis and Texas line, a branch, from New Madrid free of charge. Thus you see selfishness forces us to lean towards the Obion Station route.

One of Lake's most intelligent citizens, and one that takes an active part in her weal, while on a tour of inspection and interrogation through Obion county found the Obion Station route was favorably entertained, and strong support guaranteed it. Another advantage to Lake county in this route is, that Col. Paramore will soon have the telegraph from Jonesborough to New Madrid completed, and as a matter of course it would be extended to Point Pleasant, from thence to Tiptonville by telephone and no doubt the telephone line would be extended to Troy, Union City and Hickman, so our little city on the lake would be surrounded by a perfect net-work of communication, additional to that greatest of thoroughfares, the Father of Waters, which with due respect to these other proposed enterprises, is the only positive improvement that will result in actual good to the people.—[*Lake county Star.*

No railroad will ever be built through Lake county without some degree of taxation on the property of Lake and Obion counties. Mr. Huntingdon will not build from Obion Station, because his system has all the trans-Mississippi connection it needs via Memphis. The N. & N. W. road, now terminating at Hickman, has no trans Mississippi connection, but is dependent for such connection upon roads owned by other corporations, and is now made to pay a heavy tax annually for this privilege by these roads. Being thus taxed, it can afford to give practical encouragement to a connection via Point Pleasant and Tiptonville, that will free it from the annual tribute money to there other roads. Secondly, the building of a road from Hickman to Tiptonville would incidentally redeem and protect 150,000 acres of the finest land in America from overflow, and the owners of lands thus benefitted are more likely to, and could better afford, to pay a reasonable tax, to secure said road, than could the land owners on the Obion Station route. Thirdly, the Mississippi River Commission now has between four and five million dollars Government aid for the purpose of improving the great Father of Waters, and we direct attention to this feature of the Mississippi river bill *i e "that the Mississippi River* Commission are allowed to use such portions of the last four million dollar appropriation to aid, in the construction of levees when in the judgement of said Commission such levees will assist in the general plan for the improvement of the river, &c. This being true, there is little doubt but that the River Commission will give practical aid, and encouragement to our enterprise on the grounds of its helping their general plan for the improvement of the river.

These are facts, and we submit that they give some reasonable grounds to hope that the means can ultimately be secured to build the road from Hickman. The river bill to which we refer has passed the U. S. Senate, almost unanimously, stands recommended by the President, but has not yet passed the House. If it passes in its present shape, we propose to at once reorganize under our Hickman & Tiptonville Levee Company, and present the enterprise to the Louisville & Nashville railroad system, to the owners of overflowed lands, and to the Mississippi River Commission, asking reasonable encouragement from each source. The Hickman *Courier* has been fighting for this enterprise for 20 years, and we have abiding faith that it will ultimately triumph. Let the Star submit these facts to its readers.

The Death of Ellis.

The Ashland Republican gives the following account of the death of Elliis at the hands of a mob.

They came to a stand still just in the rear of the scene of the tragedy, and alighted and went over into the brick-yard that has figured so conspicuously in the evidence, and halted under a sycamore tree. The murderer was asked if he had anything to say, and he answered: "Nothing. The statement I made in court was true; the other two are guilty and so am I; not of actual murder, but of enough, I deserve to die." He was then asked if he wanted to pray, to which he replied: "No; I have made all the preparation I can, and am ready." He was then pulled up from the ground and allowed to hang for a moment, then let down, considerably choked but still alive. When he had sufficiently recovered he said "Oh! why didn't you let me hang? He was asked "Is there anything you have not told?" He answered: "No; let me hang this time." He was then hauled up, and the rope secured. He died without a struggle; with his life he paid the penalty, and thus closed the last chapter in the life of George Ellis.

The impression made by Rev. Geo. O Barnes thus far in this community has been very favorable. The many who have heard him express great satisfaction, and yield to him the credit of being an earnest, honest worker in the cause of religion. There are some criticisms upon his language, but his good purpose is unquestioned. He is laying the foundation of a great structure, and will go away from Frankfort having accomplished much in building up a religious feeling. Ministers and members of nearly all denominations go to hear him as a co-laborer worthy to be encouraged.—*Yeoman,* June 8.

Ex Governor Moses, of South Carolina, has been sent to the penitentiary six months for petit larceny.

PETER BENNETT'S SPEECH.

A Good Story Told by Hon. Alexander Stephens of a Georgia Farmer in Court.

The Danger of Doctors.

[Correspondence of the Post.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 30th.—Hon. Alexander Stephens' departure from Washington, and his acceptance of the Democratic nomination for Governor of Georgia, will be seriously regretted here, as he was quite a social attraction. He told many amusing stories, the best of which is the following:

A doctor named Royston had sued Peter Bennett for his bill, long overdue, for attending the wife of the latter. Alexander H. Stephens was on the Bennett side, and Robert Tooms, the Senator of the United States, was for Dr. Royston. The doctor proved his number of visits, their value according to local custom and his authority to do medical practice. Mr. Stephens told his client that the physician had made out his case, and as there was nothing wherewith to rebut or offset the claim, the only thing left to do was to pay it. "No," said Peter; "I hired you to speak to my case, and now speak."

Mr. Stephens told him there was nothing to say; he had looked on to see that it was made out, and it was.

Peter was obstinate, and at last Stephens told him to make a speech himself, if he thought one could be made.

"I will," said Peter Bennett, "if Bobby Tooms won't be too hard on me."

Senator Tooms promised, and Peter began:

"Gentlemen of the jury—You and I are plain farmers, and if we don't stick together these'ere lawyers and doctors will get the advantage of us. I ain't no lawyer nor doctor, and I ain't no objections to them in their proper place; but they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury.

"Now this man Royston was a new doctor, and I sent for him to come an' doctor my wife's sore leg. And he come an' put some salve truck onto it and some rags, but never done it one bit of good, gentlemen of the jury. I don't believe he is no doctor, no way. There is doctors sure enough, but this man don't earn his money, and if you send for him, as Mrs. Sarah Atkinson did, for a negro boy as was worth one thousand dollars, he just kills him and wants pay for it."

"I don't, thundered the doctor.

"Did you cure him?" asked Peter with the black cap on.

The doctor was silent and Peter proceeded.

"As I was sayin,' gentlemen of the jury, we farmers, when we sell our cotton has got to give value for the money, we ask, and doctors ain't none to good to be put to the same rule. And I don't believe this Sam Royston is no doctor no how."

The physician again put in his oar, with, "look at my diploma if you don't think I am a doctor."

"His diploma," said the now fledged orator, with great contempt. "His diploma! Gentlemen, that is a big word for printed sheepskin, and it didn't make no doctor of the sheep as first wore it, nor does it of the man now carries it. A good newspaper has more in it, and I pint out to you that he ain't no doctor at all."

The man of medicine was now in a fury, and screamed out: "Ask my patients if I am not a doctor!"

"I asked my wife," retorted Peter, "an' she said as how she thought you wasn't."

"Ask my other patients," said Dr. Royston.

This seemed to be a straw that broke the camel's back, for Peter replied, with look and tone of unutterable sadness: "That is a hard sayin', gentlemen of the jury, and one as requires me to die or to have power as I've learn tell ceased to be exercised since the Apostles. Does he expect me to bring the angel Gabriel down to toot his horn before his time, and cry aloud, 'Awake, ye dead, and tell this court and jury your opinion of Royston's practice?' Am I to go to the lonely churchyard and rap on the silent tomb, and say to um as is at last at rest from physic and doctor bills, 'Git up here, you, and state if you died a natural death, or was hurried up by some doctors.' He says ask his patients, and, gentlemen of the jury, they are all dead! Where is Mrs. Beasler's man Sam. Go ask the worms in the graveyard where he lies. Mr. Peake's woman Sarah was attended by him, and her funeral was appointed and he had the corpse ready. Where is that little Bill as he belonged to Mrs. Mitchel? Now in glory expressin' his opinion of Royston's doctorin.' Where is that baby gal of Harry Stephen's? She are where doctors cease from troublin' and the infants are at rest.

"Gentlemen of the jury, he has et chicken enough at my house to pay for his salve, and I furnished the rags, and I don't suppose he charges for makin' of her worse, and even he don't pretend to charge for curin' of her, I am humbly thankful that he never give her nothin' for her inwards, as he did his other patients, for somthin' made um all die mighty sudden—"

Here the applause made the speaker sit down in great confusion, and in spite of a logical restatement of the case by Senator Toombs the doctor lost and Peter Bennett won. Mr. Stephens has many stories to tell of negroes, and one is of a famous cotton and chicken depredator, who since the war met the ex-vice president in the road, "Well, Thomas," was the salutation, "I was sorry to hear that you had been in trouble about Mrs. Tripp's chickens."

"Yes, mars Alex but I done quit all dat now," said the negro, very penitently.

"How many did you take before you stopped?" asked Mr. Stephens.

"I tuck all she had," was the perfectly innocent reply.

Moses!

Ex Gov. Moses, of South Carolina, this week, pleaded guilty in New York to the charge of petit larceny, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for six months. And this toad was once called the Governor of South Carolina! Now, by all the gods at once, look at it! This thing was let loose among a refined, proud people, and made their chief magistrate by force and fraud, and sustained in thievery and vulgar wastefulness by the presence of the National soldiery. And now, when his presence has been put out of sight there, he returns to his first obscurity and is incontinently "sent up" for six months with other scum. For the love of common decency cannot this be made a text for some wholesale comment, and timely contrast. This mighty genius and knight of the carpet-bag has not been improved upon by many who are still in responsible public positions in that part of the south. To right-minded men these exposures of the material the southern people had to deal with for years after the war will bring serious reflections, and perhaps a regret or two. There is a moral to this tale.

In his last lecture General Buford touched up two of our politicians in this style: "Williams and Blackburn are showing their streaks of bad blood in Congress. I have always known there was a short cross in Blackburn's whip, but always thought that Joe had brains enough to keep it hid. Williams has but three crosses in his pedigree, and before we can get in a ring it requires five, and how he got in has always remained a mystery to me.

A ROBBER'S NEST.

Curious Device to Conceal Designs on a Bank Vault.

[Dallas (Texas) Special to the Louis Republican.]

The headquarters of a nest of professional bank robbers was accidentally discovered in this city, to-day, and a most miraculous escape made from a terrible accident. The Dallas Electric Light Company, yesterday, purchased the old Campbellite Church property, at the head of Austin street, including the old and dilapidated church edifice, which has not been used for several years as a place of worship. To day workmen commenced tearing down the church to erect electric light works on the site. Removing the floor a piece of oil-cloth three feet square was discovered wrapped around some object. On opening the oil cloth three round packages of dynamite over a foot in length and two inches in diameter were revealed. It also contained a coil of good quality of fuse, similar in appearance to telegraph wire and 24 feet long. A copy of the Dallas Daily-Times of July 1, 1880, was also found in the wrapping, also a printed wash bill from a Dallas Laundry, but the officers withhold from the public the name of the person of whom it was made out, as it may prove

A CLUE TO WORK UPON.

Two half-pint bottles of nitro-glycerine were also found. A full set of burglar's tools, including pinchbars, jimmies, etc., were found in the same building a few weeks ago by parties who leased it for a grain store house.

Late this evening further explorations rewarded the explorers with the finding of a heavy oil cloth six feet long and about four feet wide, in which was painted in red, black and bronze colors a fac simile of a bank vault door and front, including combination lock and opening knobs made of wood screwed into the oil cloth and painted a bright bronze color. The oil-cloth contained small loop holes, as if for use in tying up on a wire frame, a foot or two in front of the vault doors, as

A FALSE FRONT

to shield the robbers while working on the vault door proper. Investigation showed this oil-cloth front to be almost a duplicate of the front of Adams & Leonard's bank in this city, which was blown and robbed in November, 1880; all the articles were placed in charge of City Marshall Arnold. A large number of citizens visited the city hall to view them, but all acted distant with the combustibles.

The city of Dallas and neighboring towns were burglarized and plundered all last winter, and at Dallas a special patrol of one hundred citizens had to be kept for over thirty days. To day's discoveries partially cleared up the mysteries concerning the burglaries, proving them to have been the work of most accomplished cracksmen. The officers claim, to-night, to have clues that will ultimately lead to their capture.

Fifteen Million Dollars an Acre.

A New York correspondent states that in the more common streets of New York land is worth from $250,000 to $350,000 per acre. In the best part of Broadway its value is increased to $2,000,000 per acre; but in the vicinity of Wall street its value is immensely increased, because this locality is the money heart of America. The land on the Drexel building stands cost its present owners at the rate of $14,000,000 per acre. It occupies the corner of Wall and Broad streets, which may be considered the most valuable corner on this continent—and yet, when I was a Broad street clerk in 1840, this very place was occupied by a hat store. The corresponding value of property in this neighborhood has been illustrated by the recent sale of the corner of Broad street and Exchange place, which was at the rate of $15,000,000 per acre. Hence the Drexel lot was none too dear. In fact, these dazzling figures are justified by the immensity of the transactions which occur here daily. Almost all the railroads on the continent (except New England) are managed within 300 feet of this spot, and the general pressure of our immense financial system gives it a value which a few years ago could not have been dreamed of.

Scene at the White House.

[Globe-Democrat.]

There was a scene at a social dinner at the White House early in March that was not put down in the programme. The President had brought around him the members of his Cabinet, a few Senators and friends, with an equal number of ladies, for one of the most exquisite dinners that he had then given. The gilded walls, the pomegranate plush hangings, the thickets of azelcas, the beds of roses, and the table with its beautiful flowers and crystal that was set in the center of the private diningroom, all ministered to happy hearts and smiling faces. Mr. Blaine sat facing the host, and in the general sociability of the party there was talking across and all around the board, in which the President and Mr. Blaine were foremost in humor and repartee. Several times the President addressed him as "Mr. Secretary," the title to which Cabinet officers are personally designated, and each time Mr. Blaine's plumage was visibly ruffled, and his black eyes snapped suppressed sparks. At the third time his words were repeated, Mr. Blaine leaned forward and said quickly, "I'll thank you, Mr. President, not to address me by the title of the office of which you have deprived me. To you I am simply Mr. Blaine."

The company were struck dumb, and sat pale and silent as if hit by a thunder clap. The President colored, for he blushes as easily as a school girl, attributed his using the title to the habit acquired during their pleasant official relations together, and deprecated ever having deprived him of an office it would have given him such satisfaction to retain. "I beg your pardon sir, you did not deprive me of my office," said the chagrined ex Secretary, and it was then left for the President to restore sociability around the board and help his guests forget the unusual contretemps.

5,000 Virginians Starving.

CHICAGO, June 11.—A special from Danville, Va., says: Reports from Patrick county, this State, are to the effect that 5,000 persons in that county are starving. The drouth last year greatly curtailed crops in many portions of the county. Hundreds of people are crowding around the settlements imploring aid. A load of corn was received at the court-house a few days ago, and before it could be distributed hundreds of starving women and children crowded around the vehicle, imploring to be given a quart or a peck of grain. A Courier just arrived gives heartrending accounts of the situation. The court house is crowded with men, women and children begging for bread. Three hundred of them had not tasted a morsel of food for two days. This county is very isolated in the mountains, the nearest railway station being 45 miles distant. In some instances as much as $200 has been offered for a barrel of flour. Several wagons with relief have been pushed out from Danville to travel all night in hope of saving the lives of some.

CAPTURED.

The Brookfield, Mo. Bank Robbers Taken Alive.

BROOKFIELD, June 9.—The pursuit of the Brookfield bank robbers has been kept up unremittingly since Wednesday night. Large forces of men from all the surrounding towns are scouring the neighborhood. The Brookfield party, headed by City Marshal McArthur, came up with the robbers at Winnagan Ford in the darkness, and were immediately fired upon. Three horses were killed, but none of the men were injured except young Ike Marshall, who was wounded in the hand. All parties then scattered, the robbers going in a Northeasterly direction and striking into the thickly wooded country around Mussle Fork Knobs, Northeast of Macon. They lost two revolvers, a false beard and a hat. The robbers were surrounded in a field about twelve miles West of Kirksville, on the Chariton river. They are hemmed in by five hundred men from Linn, Sullivan, Macon and Adair counties, and will be shot down without mercy if they attempt to break through. The robbers are known to be the same men who have been stopping on the Harper farm in Adair county during the past three weeks. The two banks of Brookfield have offered a reward of $500 for the capture of the men, dead or alive.

KANSAS CITY, June 9.—The robbers, four in number, were surrounded in the woods about thirteen miles Northwest of Kirksville, at 6 A. M, and, finding resistance useless, surrendered. They were taken to Kirksville, and from there will be taken to Brookfield at 2 P. M. under a heavy guard. Two of the prisoners are recognized as Fox and Morris. The other two will not give their names. Friends of the robbers are congregated at Kirksville and say the prisoners shall not be taken to Brookfield. A fight is looked for.

DR. B. B, BLINCOE.

Having permanently located in the city of Hickman, I would respectfully solicit a share of practice of the citizens of Hickman and surrounding country. Having been a regular, practicing physician for 37 years, I belive I can give entire satisfaction to all who would please to give me a call.

B. B. BLINCOE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce W. C. JOHNSON as a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff of Fulton county. Election first Monday in August.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce C. HUGHLETTE WILSON as a candidate for the office of County Judge. Election next August.

We are authorized to announce Mr. H. C. BAILEY, present incumbent, as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Fulton county, at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce Mr. J. W. MAYES as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Fulton county, at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce JONAH MONTGOMERY as a candidate for the office of County Judge. Election in August.

We are authorized to announce R. S. MURREL, as a candidate for County Judge. Election 1st Monday in August.

FOR COUNTY COURT CLERK.

We are authorized to announce Mr. Josh H. Dodds as a candidate for the office of County Court Clerk. Election in August.

We are authorized to announce Mr. J. T. BYNUM, as a candidate for the office of County Court Clerk of Fulton county, at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce A. M. DEBOW as a candidate for the office of County Court Clerk. Election August next.

We are authorized to announce W. P. TAYLOR as a candidate for Clerk of the Fulton County Court at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce MARSHAL A. MCDANIEL, as a candidate for Clerk of the Fulton County Court, at the ensuing August election.

FOR JAILOR.

We are authorized to announce NEWTON J. BUSHART as a candidate for the office of Jailer of Fulton county. Election next August.

We are authorized to announce Mr. JACOB SILVERTOOTH as a candidate for the office of Jailor of Fulton county, at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce Mr. R. F. THOMASSON, present incumbent, as a candidate for the office of Jailor, at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce THOMAS C. HAWKINS, as a candidate for the office of Jailor of Fulton County. August next.

FOR COUNTY ASSESSOR.

We are authorized to announce W. R. THOMAS as a candidate for Assessor of Fulton county. Election in August.

We are authorized to announce MAT. ADAMS, JR., as a candidate for the office of Assessor. Election next August.

We are authorized to announce J. O. A. COOPER, present incumbent, as a candidate for the office of Assessor. Election next August.

We are authorized to announce F. G. DAVIS as a candidate for the office of Assessor. Election in August next.

We are authorized to announce T. J. FINCH as a candidate for the office of Assessor of Fulton county. Election in August next.

We are authorized to announce Q. M. T. SALMON, as a candidate for the office of Assessor of Fulton county. Election in August.

We are authorized to announce A. G. MCFADDEN, as a candidate for the office of Assessor of Fulton county. Election in August.

We are authorized to announce J. B. COOK, as a candidate for the office of Assessor. Election next August.

FOR CITY MARSHALL.

We are authorized to announce WILLIAM A. LAWSON as a candidate for the office of city Marshal. Election in August.

We are authorized to announce J. O. BARNES, as a candidate for re election to the office of city Marshal. Election in August.

We are authorized to announce WM. L. GARDNER, as a candidate for the office of City Marshal. Election in August.

For Superior Court.

We are authorized to announce Joseph M. BIGGER, of McCracken County, as a candidate for judge of the Superior Court this District. Election in August

HAULERS ATTENTION!

TEAMS WANTED.

The Hickman Lumber and Manufacturing Company of Hickman, Ky., have steady employment at good wages for

150 TEAMS

to move the Lumber from their mills situated 10 and 13 miles from Hickman. $2.25 per 1000 feet for thoroughly dry lumber at the farther mill. $2.75 per 1000 feet for the lumber at the ten mile mill, equivalent to that amount per day to good pulling two horse team. Cash every load—Free wagon yard at Hickman Stables at the mills for those who come soon enough to secure them. Steady employment from this date until winter, the roads get bad again next winter.

Hickman, Ky., May 15th, 1882.

NEW BAKERY

INTENDS TO KEEP ON HAND

FRESH BREAD, ROLLS, COFFEE-CAKE, CAKES, PIES, HOME-MADE CIDER, CRACKERS, NUTS, PICKLES, SARDINES, FRESH OYSTERS, &c. &c.
GRAHAM BREAD FOR INVALIDS.

— ALSO, —

P. S.—Orders for Weddings and Parties promptly attended to.

WM. GEYER.

W. DIESTELBRINK, Family Groceries.

No space to name all articles, but no trouble to show goods.

Come and see, at the corner of Troy and Moscow Avenue, East Hickman, Ky jan25 ly

TAKEN up as a stray, by John C Roper, living six miles east of Hickman, and one half mile north of the Shuck road in Fulton county, on the 15th instant, one Red Steer, aged about three years, having left horn broke, but having no brand or other marks, and which is appraised at the value of twelve dollars. Witness my hand this 15th day of April 1882. J. W. MAYES. J. P. F. C.

POWELL & BROTHER,

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY,

PROPRIETORS OF

CITY MILLS.

HEAD QUARTERS FOR

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR,
MEAL, HAY, OATS, CORN, BRAN, FIELD SEEDS, &c.

FAMILY GROCERY

H. C. JUDGE,

(FRENZ'S OLD STAND.)

All kinds of

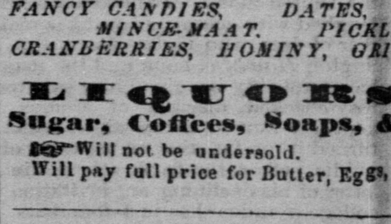
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

usually kept in a first-class house, at bottom prices.

FANCY CANDIES, DATES, MINCE-MAAT, PICKLES, CRANBERRIES, HOMINY, GRITS.

LIQUORS,
Sugar, Coffees, Soaps, &c.

Will not be undersold.
Will pay full price for Butter, Eggs, &c.



E. T. Gardner,

{ DEALER IN }

FURNITURE,

of all kind. CHAIRS, MATRASSES, BED SPRINGS, the new light running no. 4 Victor Sewing Machine. Wooden and Metalic Coffins furnished on short notice.

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY

Taken up as a stray by N. J. Davis on the Moscow and Troy road eight miles of Hickman, and one mile north of McGehee cross roads in Fulton County, Ky., Eight BLACK SHOATS about six months old, marked with crop off of the left ear, and split and upper bit in the right. Valued at eight dollars. Given under my hand this March 22nd, 1882.

W. B. GORE. J. P. F. C.

Dolly Varden Saloon.

T. M. Jones, Proprietor.

Keeps the finest best, freshest brands of Beer, always on tap. Cigars, and Tobaccos. Polite and attentive bar-keepers Patronage solicited.

LOWER and LOWER.

All kinds of Groceries—hams, sides, &c., as cheap as the cheapest. I will not be undersold. JOHN WITTING.

WANTED TO BORROW—Wanted to borrow $200 00, for 1, 2, or 3 years Who will secure by real estate, and pay 10 per cent. Address. Q.
Care Courier Office.

ICE.

A. M. BROWN & CO., have built an Ice House, and will keep Lake Ice through the summer at reasonable rates. Call and get your ice.

For Sale!!

A fine lot of MACHINE OILS, including LARD OIL—GOLDEN MACHINE OIL, and LUBRICATING OIL, at bottom price.

3t. J. W. COWGILL, Druggist.

New Grocery!

(Gragala's Old Stand, Clinton Street.) HICKMAN, KY.

Mr. E. Scharfe,

DEALER IN

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

My Stock is New and Fresh, and will be sold at prices that will be especially attractive to buyers.

LIQUORS!

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE BOUGHT.
GIVE ME A CALL!

SOMETHING NEW!

NEW GROCERY! NEW GOODS!! NEW STORE!!! NEW MAN!!!!

EVERYTHING NEW!

MR. ROBERT NOLEN, announces to the public that he has opened a brand new stock of FAMILY GROCERIES, at the Metheny stand, Clinton St., and respectfully solicits a share of patronage. A specialty of Tobaccos, Cigars, Coffees and Sugars. se23-'81.

25cts Lower than the Lowest.

I have no clerk expenses—no store rent—and pay cash for all my Groceries, and therefore can sell as cheap as the cheapest. Best brands of Wittenberg and Lone Star Flour, 25 cents cheaper than the lowest. JOHN WITTING.

STAR SALOON

J. S. SHUPERT, proprietor, Clinton street, next door to Brevard's hardware store.

KEEPS the freshest and finest make of Beers. Call and see him.

BEER SALOON

H. F. FETHE,

Keeps fresh beer on tap, all the time, Will serve customers promptly and courteously.

JAMES KOGER,
HICKMAN, KENTUCKY,
REPRESENTING
B. S. RHEA & SON,
OF
Nashville, Tennessee,
DEALERS IN
GRAIN, &c.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

FULTON CIRCUIT COURT.

J. D. Wade's Admr. Plff. vs. His Heirs and Creditors, Dfts } Equity.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of J. D. Wade, deceased, that the undersigned, Commissioner of the Fulton Circuit Court, under an order in the above styled cause, will attend at his office, in Hickman, from the date hereof until the 4th MONDAY OF JULY next, 1882, to receive and hear proof of claims against said decedent; and that all claims not presented to him and proven as required by law, within the time specified above, will be forever barred.

GEO. WARREN,
Master Com. Fulton Circuit Court.
Hickman, March 24, 1882.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

FULTON CIRCUIT COURT.

Wm. Barne's Adm'r., Pl'ff. vs. His Heirs and Creditors Dfts } Equity.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Wm. Barnes, deceased, that the undersigned, Commissioner of the Fulton Circuit Court, under an order in the above styled cause, will attend at his office, in Hickman, from the date hereof until the 4th MONDAY IN JULY next, 1882, to receive and hear proof of claims against said decedent; and that all claims not presented to him and proven as required by law, within the time specified above, will be forever barred.

GEO. WARREN,
Master Com. Fulton Circuit Court.
Hickman, Ky., Mar. 24, 1882.

A GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY IS THE LOSS OF MANHOOD

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhoea, iduced by Self Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c —BY ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.,

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically,

This Lecture will prove a boom to thousands and thousands.

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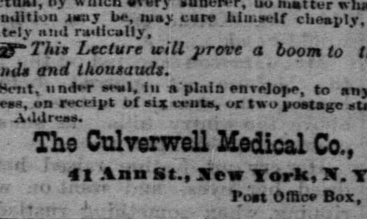

HAVING recently rented the shops occupied by W. T. Beckner, East Hickman, we would respectfully announce to the citizens of Hickman and vicinity that we are prepared to renovate and repair Buggies, Carriages, &c., in a workmanlike manner and at reasonable prices. Nothing but the best of material used in repairing work. Give us a trial. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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SHOP—North West corner of Moscow and Troy Avenues, East Hickman, Ky.
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CITY SALOON!
C. L. KISTNER, PROPRIETOR.
Union City, Tenn.

MR. C. L. KISTNER, formerly of Hickman, announces that he is now the owner and proprietor of the Hickman Saloon—Heinz old stand; and will keep in stock the finest brands of Liquors, Cigars, Lager Beer, &c., &c. Give him a call.
oct7-'81-3m

John G. Griffin,
Merchant Tailor.

HAS JUST RECEIVED BUTTERICK'S Report of latest Fall and Winter Fashions, and a large lot of samples of French, English and German goods. Gentlemen are invited to call and examine. sept26

HICKMAN MARBLE WORKS
HICKMAN, KY.
B. C. Ramage,
DEALER IN
ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE MONUMENTS, TOMB AND GRAVE STONES.

HAVING received a fine lot of American and Italian Marble, I am prepared to fill all orders. Call and examine our work.
Orders from the country promptly filled. may26

J. W. ROGERS,

KEEPS all kinds of staple and fancy

GROCERIES,

and Confectionaries. He will be pleased to see his old customers, and with both suit them in price and quality. His motto is, "Quick Sales and Small Profits. Won't be undersold

IMMENSE STOCK OF NEW GOODS.

GREAT ATTRACTIONS at H. BUCHANAN'S,—the biggest stock, the best stock, the cheapest stock. Large reductions in prices of all kinds of goods. Now is the time to get your bargains. I am determined to keep the lead in first class goods, and at prices that will satisfy all that they can buy the very best goods at the very lowest prices. All goods warranted as represented, and no mistake. Call and examine.

THE HICKMAN COURIER

—PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY—

GEORGE WARREN,

HICKMAN, : : : : : KENTUCKY.

FRIDAY, : : : : : JUNE, 16, 1882.

FARMERS ATTENTION

We want your wool, and hides, feathers, and country produce. Highest Cash market prices paid at

PLAUT BRO'S. & Co.

PASSING SMILES.

DESPAIRING old maids look languishingly even on rain-bows.

A RECENT discovery is a telephone talked to death by a barber.

A TRAMP called his shoes "corporations," because they had no soles.

THE battles of the union—fighting between husband and wife.

AUTHORS are spok n of as dwelling in attics, because so few of them are able to live on their first story.

"A FIFTY-CENT fan makes as much wind as a fifty-dollar one." Yes; and it's just the same with political orators.

AN Irish judge thus sentenced a prisoner: "You are to be hanged and I hope it will prove a warning to you."

A TOURIST in Virginia says he has been informed that wherever an old Virginian is buried a bed of mint springs up.

"YES, I want my daughter to study rhetoric," said the Vermont mother, "for she can't fry pancakes now without smoking the house all up."

DISTRACTED mother—"If you children make such a noise I shall go out of my mind." Young Rip—"Go on, mother; I'll mind the young uns while you're gone."

"How like its father it is!" exclaimed the nurse, on the occasion of the christening of a baby whose father was over seventy, and had married a young wife. "Very like," replied a satirical lady, "it hasn't a tooth in its head."

PEOPLE often complain of hard times from a mere natural tendency to growl, but a Georgia darkey the other day said "Nebber seed sich times since I was born. Work all day and steal all night, and blessed if I kin hardly make a libbin'."

A GALLANT old gentleman by the name of Page, finding a young lady's glove at a watering place, presented it to her with the following words:

"If from your glove you take the letter G,
Your glove is love—which I devote to thee."

To which the lady returned the following neat answer:

"If from the Page you take the letter P,
Your Page is age, and that won't do for me."

A GENTLEMAN informed by a bill on the window of a house, that "apartments were to be let," knocked at the door, and, attended by a pretty female, took a survey of the premises. "Pray, my dear," said he smiling, "are you to be let with these lodgings?" "No," replied the *fille de chambre* with vivacity, "but I am to be let alone."

A GENTLEMAN ordered his servant (a regular Pat) to awake him at 6 o'clock that he might get ready to start at 7 by an early coach, in which he had taken his place, for the country. The gentleman awoke and called his man: "What o'clock is it?" "Just 7, your honor." "Seven,—did I not tell you to wake me at 6?" "Yes, sir." "And why did you not?" "Because your honor was asleep."

A YOUNG man with an extremely powerful voice was in doubt what branch of musical art to adopt. He went to the composer Cherubini for advice. "Suppose you sing me a few bars," said the master. The young fellow sang so loud that the walls fairly shook. "Now," said he; "what do you think I am best fitted for?" "Auctioneer," dryly replied Cherubini.

A GOOD minister out West preached a sermon on peace-making, aimed at two of the deacons of his church who had long been at swords' points; and such was his eloquence and earnestness that directly after the benediction was pronounced one of the deacons went over to the other and remarked, with tears in his eyes, "Brother Stiggins, after such a sermon there must be peace between us. Now I can't give in, so you must."

Patriotism at a Discount.

Soon after the firing on Sumter a gentleman of New York, who passes his summers by the waters of South Bay, had occasion to drive from New York to Islip, and to pass through the principal villages along the shore. Nearly everywhere the patriotism of the people was manifested by numerous flags that waved from poles, or were flung from windows, and each village contained groups of men who were discussing the important events of the day. One village only was without bunting, and there was a sullen crowd at the principal store, whose breathings were anything but loyal. The gentleman was well known to the inhabitants, and felt justified in reproving them for their political attitude. He told what he had seen on his way down, how the other villages were decked with flags, and asked why they did not do like their neighbors. The men looked one toward another for several moments, and finally the boldest ventured to speak.

"Flags, eh?" said he, in a tone of withering contempt. "Flags!—and clams a dollar a thousand!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

Living in Quiet.

A rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects for disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, they have come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people when he said: "Wretched would be the pair, above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute detail of the domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers or two politicians can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode of arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

Our Railroad to Tiptonville.

The Louisville and Nashville system of roads, no less than the cities of Louisville and Nashville, should have an independent trans-Mississippi connection, and that opportunity is now presented by the new railroad to run from Point Pleasant, Mo. This trans-Mississippi connection will be built some day, and the route for this is from Hickman to Point Pleasant.—[*Hickman Courier.*

Admitting the feasibility of this route, reasoned from your standpoint, Bro. Warren, likewise the benefits accruing to us, as a county, we are not inclined, as a town, so much to that route for two good reasons. First, this route will have to be built by taxation, which, as a matter of fact, the people of Lake and Obion counties will never agree to. Second, it would virtually cut Tiptonville's throat as a town, for as a natural consequence business and bustle would centre around the railroad terminus. And while we are good citizens, in the main, we are not wholly devoid of selfishness. Besides, we have the assurance of a road right by our town from Obion Station to Point Pleasant. This proving a certainty, Col. Paramore will extend his St. Louis and Texas line, a switch, from New Madrid free of charge. Thus you see selfishness forces us to lean towards the Obion Station route.

One of Lake's most intelligent citizens, and one that takes an active part in her weal, while on a tour of inspection and interrogation through Obion county found the Obion Station route was favorably entertained, and strong support guaranteed it. Another advantage to Lake county in this route is, that Col. Paramore will soon have the telegraph from Jonesborough to New Madrid completed, and as a matter of course it would be extended to Point Pleasant, from thence to Tiptonville by telephone and no doubt the telephone line would be extended to Troy, Union City and Hickman, so our little city on the lake would be surrounded by a perfect net-work of communication, additional to that greatest of thoroughfares, the Father of Waters, which with due respect to these other proposed enterprises, is the only positive improvement that will result in actual good to the people.—[*Lake county Star.*

No railroad will ever be built through Lake county without some degree of taxation on the property of Lake and Obion counties. Mr. Huntingdon will not build from Obion Station, because his system has all the trans-Mississippi connection it needs via Memphis. The N. & N. W. road, now terminating at Hickman, has no trans Mississippi connection, but is dependent for such connection upon roads owned by other corporations, and is now made to pay a heavy tax annually for this privilege by these roads. Being thus taxed, it can afford to give practical encouragement to a connection via Point Pleasant and Tiptonville, that will free it from the annual tribute money to these other roads. Secondly, the building of a road from Hickman to Tiptonville would incidentally redeem and protect 150,000 acres of the finest land in America from overflow, and the owners of lands thus benefitted are more likely to, and could better afford, to pay a reasonable tax, to secure said road, than could the land owners on the Obion Station route. Thirdly, the Mississippi River Commission now has between four and five million dollars Government aid for the purpose of improving the great Father of Waters, and we direct attention to this feature of the Mississippi river bill *i e "that the Mississippi River* Commission are allowed to use such portions of the last four million dollar appropriation to aid, in the construction of levees when in the judgement of said Commission such levees will assist in the general plan for the improvement of the river, &c. This being true, there is little doubt but that the River Commission will give practical aid, and encouragement to our enterprise on the grounds of its helping their general plan for the improvement of the river.

These are facts, and we submit that they give some reasonable grounds to hope that the means can ultimately be secured to build the road from Hickman. The river bill to which we refer has passed the U. S. Senate, almost unanimously stands recommended by the President but has not yet passed the House. If it passes in its present shape, we propose to at once reorganize under our Hickman & Tiptonville Levee Company, and present the enterprise to the Louisville & Nashville railroad system, to the owners of overflowed lands, and to the Mississippi River Commission, asking reasonable encouragement from each source. The Hickman *Courier* has been fighting for this enterprise for 20 years, and we have abiding faith that it will ultimately triumph. Let the Star submit these facts to its readers.

The Death of Ellis.

The Ashland Republican gives the following account of the death of Elliis at the hands of a mob.

They came to a stand still just in the rear of the scene of the tragedy, and alighted and went over into the brick-yard that has figured so conspicuously in the evidence, and halted under a sycamore tree. The murderer was asked if he had anything to say, and he answered: "Nothing. The statement I made in court was true; the other two are guilty and so am I; not of actual murder, but of enough. I deserve to die." He was then asked if he wanted to pray, to which he replied: "No; I have made all the preparation I can, and am ready." He was then pulled up from the ground and allowed to hang for a moment, then let down, considerably choked but still alive. When he had sufficiently recovered he said "Oh! why didn't you let me hang? He was asked "Is there anything you have not told?" He answered: "No; let me hang this time." He was then hauled up, and the rope secured. He died without a struggle; with his life he paid the penalty, and thus closed the last chapter in the life of George Ellis.

The impression made by Rev. Geo. O Barnes thus far in this community has been very favorable. The many who have heard him express great satisfaction, and yield to him the credit of being an earnest, honest worker in the cause of religion. There are some criticisms upon his language, but his good purpose is unquestioned. He is laying the foundation of a great structure, and will go away from Frankfort having accomplished much in building up a religious feeling. Ministers and members of nearly all denominations go to hear him as a co-laborer worthy to be encouraged.—*Yeoman,* June 8.

Ex Governor Moses, of South Carolina, has been sent to the penitentiary six months for petit larceny.

PETER BENNETT'S SPEECH.

A Good Story Told by Hon. Alexander Stephens of a Georgia Farmer in Court.

The Danger of Doctors.

[Correspondence of the Post.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 30th.—Hon. Alexander Stephens' departure from Washington, and his acceptance of the Democratic nomination for Governor of Georgia, will be seriously regretted here, as he was quite a social attraction. He told many amusing stories, the best of which is the following:

A doctor named Royston had sued Peter Bennett for his bill, long overdue, for attending the wife of the latter. Alexander H. Stephens was on the Bennett side, and Robert Tooms, the Senator of the United States, was for Dr. Royston. The doctor proved his number of visits, their value according to local custom and his authority to do medical practice. Mr. Stephens told his client that the physician had made out his case, and as there was nothing wherewith to rebut or offset the claim, the only thing left to do was to pay it. "No," said Peter; "I hired you to speak to my case, and now speak."

Mr. Stephens told him there was nothing to say; he had looked on to see that it was made out, and it was.

Peter was obstinate, and at last Stephens told him to make a speech himself, if he thought one could be made.

"I will," said Peter Bennett, "if Bobby Tooms won't be too hard on me."

Senator Tooms promised, and Peter began:

"Gentlemen of the jury—You and I are plain farmers, and if we don't stick together these'ere lawyers and doctors will get the advantage of us. I ain't no lawyer nor doctor, and I ain't no objections to them in their proper place; but they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury.

"Now this man Royston was a new doctor, and I sent for him to come an' doctor my wife's sore leg. And he come an' put some salve truck onto it and some rags, but never done it one bit of good, gentlemen of the jury. I don't believe he is no doctor, no way. There is doctors sure enough, but this man don't earn his money, and if you send for him, as Mrs. Sarah Atkinson did, for a negro boy as was worth one thousand dollars, he just kills him and wants pay for it."

"I don't, thundered the doctor.

"Did you cure him?" asked Peter with the black cap on.

The doctor was silent and Peter proceeded.

"As I was sayin,' gentlemen of the jury, we farmers, when we sell our cotton has got to give value for the money, we ask, and doctors ain't none to good to be put to the same rule. And I don't believe this Sam Royston is no doctor no how."

The physician again put in his oar, with, "look at my diploma if you don't think I am a doctor."

"His diploma," said the new fledged orator, with great contempt. "His diploma! Gentlemen, that is a big word for printed sheepskin, and it didn't make no doctor of the sheep as first wore it, nor does it of the man now carries it. A good newspaper has more in it, and I pint out to you that he ain't no doctor at all."

The man of medicine was now in a fury, and screamed out: "Ask my patients if I am not a doctor!"

"I asked my wife," retorted Peter, "an' she said as how she thought you wasn't."

"Ask my other patients," said Dr. Royston.

This seemed to be a straw that broke the camel's back, for Peter replied, with look and tone of unutterable sadness: "That is a hard sayin', gentlemen of the jury, and one as requires me to die or to have power as I've learn tell ceased to be exercised since the Apostles. Does he expect me to bring the angel Gabriel down to toot his horn before his time, and cry aloud, 'Awake, ye dead, and tell this court and jury your opinion of Royston's practice?' Am I to go to the lonely churchyard and rap on the silent tomb, and say to um as is at last at rest from physic and doctor bills, 'Git up here, you, and state if you died a natural death, or was hurried up by some doctors.' He says ask his patients, and, gentlemen of the jury, they are all dead! Where is Mrs. Beasler's man Sam. Go ask the worms in the graveyard where he lies. Mr. Peake's woman Sarah was attended by him, and her funeral was appointed and he had the corpse ready Where is that little Bill as he belonged to Mrs. Mitchel? Now in glory expressin' his opinion of Royston's doctorin.' Where is that baby gal of Harry Stephen's? She are where doctors cease from troublin' and the infants are at rest.

"Gentlemen of the jury, he has et chicken enough at my house to pay for his salve, and I furnished the rags, and I don't suppose he charges for makin' of her worse, and even he don't pretend to charge for curin' of her, I am humbly thankful that he never give her nothin' for her inwards, as he did his other patients, for somthin' made um all die mighty sudden—"

Here the applause made the speaker sit down in great confusion, and in spite of a logical restatement of the case by Senator Toombs the doctor lost and Peter Bennett won. Mr. Stephens has many stories to tell of negroes, and one is of a famous cotton and chicken depredator, who since the war met the ex-vice president in the road, "Well, Thomas," was the salutation, "I was sorry to hear that you had been in trouble about Mrs. Tripp's chickens."

"Yes, mars Alex but I done quit all dat now," said the negro, very penitently

"How many did you take before you stopped?" asked Mr. Stephens.

"I tuck all she had," was the perfectly innocent reply.

Moses!

Ex Gov. Moses, of South Carolina, this week, pleaded guilty in New York to the charge of petit larceny, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for six months. And this toad was once called the Governor of South Carolina! Now, by all the gods at once, look at it! This thing was let loose among a refined, proud people, and made their chief magistrate by force and fraud, and sustained in thievery and vulgar wastefulness by the presence of the National soldiery. And now, when his presence has been put out of sight there, he returns to his first obscurity and is incontinently "sent up" for six months with other scum. For the love of common decency cannot this be made a text for some wholesale comment, and timely contrast. This mighty genius and knight of the carpet-bag has not been improved upon by many who are still in responsible public positions in that part of the south. To right-minded men these exposures of the material the southern people had to deal with for years after the war will bring serious reflections, and perhaps a regret or two There is a moral to this tale.

In his last lecture General Buford touched up two of our politicians in this style: "Williams and Blackburn are showing their streaks of bad blood in Congress. I have always known there was a short cross in Blackburn's whip, but always thought that Joe had brains enough to keep it hid. Williams has but three crosses in his pedigree, and before we can get in a ring it requires five, and how he got in has always remained a mystery to me.

A ROBBER'S NEST.

Curious Device to Conceal Designs on a Bank Vault.

[Dallas (Texas) Special to the Louis Republican.]

The headquarters of a nest of professional bank robbers was accidentally discovered in this city, to-day, and a most miraculous escape made from a terrible accident. The Dallas Electric Light Company, yesterday, purchased the old Camp bellite Church property, at the head of Austin street, including the old and dilapidated church edifice, which has not been used for several years as a place of worship. To day workmen commenced tearing down the church to erect electric light works on the site. Removing the floor a piece of oil-cloth three feet square was discovered wrapped around some object. On opening the oil cloth three round packages of dynamite over a foot in length and two inches in diameter were revealed. It also contained a coil of good quality of fuse, similar in appearance to telegraph wire and 24 feet long. A copy of the Dallas Daily-Times of July 1, 1880, was also found in the wrapping, also a printed wash bill from a Dallas Laundry, but the officers withhold from the public the name of the person of whom it was made out, as it may prove

A CLUE TO WORK UPON.

Two half-pint bottles of nitro-glycerine were also found. A full set of burglar's tools, including pinch-bars, jimmies, etc., were found in the same building a few weeks ago by parties who leased it for a grain store house.

Late this evening further explorations rewarded the explorers with the finding of a heavy oil cloth six feet long and about four feet wide, in which was painted in red, black and bronze colors a fac simile of a bank vault door and front, including combination lock and opening knobs made of wood screwed into the oil cloth and painted a bright bronze color. The oil-cloth contained small loop holes, as if for use in tying up on a wire frame, a foot or two in front of the vault doors, as

A FALSE FRONT

to shield the robbers while working on the vault door proper. Investigation showed this oil-cloth front to be almost a duplicate of the front of Adams & Leonard's bank in this city, which was blown and robbed in November, 1880; all the articles were placed in charge of City Marshall Arnold, A large number of citizens visited the city hall to view them, but all acted distant with the combustibles.

The city of Dallas and neighboring towns were burglarized and plundered all last winter, and at Dallas a special patrol of one hundred citizens had to be kept for over thirty days. To-day's discoveries partially cleared up the mysteries concerning the burglaries, proving them to have been the work of most accomplished cracksmen. The officers claim, to-night, to have clues that will ultimately lead to their capture.

Fifteen Million Dollars an Acre.

A New York correspondent states that in the more common streets of New York land is worth from $250,000 to $350,000 per acre. In the best part of Broadway its value is increased to $2,000,000 per acre; but in the vicinity of Wall street its value is immensely increased, because this locality is the money heart of America. The land on the Drexel building stands cost its present owners at the rate of $14,000,000 per acre. It occupies the corner of Wall and Broad streets, which may be considered the most valuable corner on this continent—and yet, when I was a Broad street clerk in 1840, this very place was occupied by a hat store. The corresponding value of property in this neighborhood has been illustrated by the recent sale of the corner of Broad street and Exchange place, which was at the rate of $15,000,000 per acre. Hence the Drexel lot was none too dear. In fact, these dazzling figures are justified by the immensity of the transactions which occur here daily. Almost all the railroads on the continent (except New England) are managed within 300 feet of this spot, and the general pressure of our immense financial system gives it a value which a few years ago could not have been dreamed of.

Scene at the White House.

[Globe-Democrat.]

There was a scene at a social dinner at the White House early in March that was not put down in the programme. The President had brought around him the members of his Cabinet, a few Senators and friends, with an equal number of ladies, for one of the most exquisite dinners that he had then given. The gilded walls, the pomegranate plush hangings, the thickets of azeleas, the beds of roses, and the table with its beautiful flowers and crystal that was set in the center of the private diningroom, all ministered to happy hearts and smiling faces. Mr. Blaine sat facing the host, and in the general sociability of the party there was talking across and all around the board, in which the President and Mr. Blaine were foremost in humor and repartee. Several times the President addressed him as "Mr. Secretary," the title to which Cabinet officers are personally designated, and each time Mr. Blaine's plumage was visibly ruffled, and his black eyes snapped suppressed sparks. At the third time his words were repeated, Mr. Blaine leaned forward and said quickly, "I'll thank you, Mr. President, not to address me by the title of the office of which you have deprived me. To you I am simply Mr. Blaine."

The company were struck dumb, and sat pale and silent as if hit by a thunder clap. The President colored, for he blushes as easily as a school girl, attributed his using the title to the habit acquired during their pleasant official relations together, and deprecated ever having deprived him of an office it would have given him such satisfaction to retain. "I beg your pardon sir, you did not deprive me of my office," said the chagrined ex Secretary, and it was then left for the President to restore sociability around the board and help his guests forget the unusual contretemps.

5,000 Virginians Starving.

CHICAGO, June 11.—A special from Danville, Va., says: Reports from Patrick county, this State, are to the effect that 5,000 persons in that county are starving. The drouth last year greatly curtailed crops in many portions of the county. Hundreds of people are crowding around the settlements imploring aid. A load of corn was received at the court-house a few days ago, and before it could be distributed hundreds of starving women and children crowded around the vehicle, imploring to be given a quart or a peck of grain. A Courier just arrived gives heartrending accounts of the situation. The court-house is crowded with men, women and children begging for bread. Three hundred of them had not tasted a morsel of food for two days. This county is very isolated in the mountains, the nearest railway station being 45 miles distant. In some instances as much as $200 has been offered for a barrel of flour. Several wagons with relief have been pushed out from Danville to travel all night in hope of saving the lives of some.

CAPTURED.

The Brookfield, Mo. Bank Robbers Taken Alive.

BROOKFIELD, June 9.—The pursuit of the Brookfield bank robbers has been kept up unremittingly since Wednesday night. Large forces of men from all the surrounding towns are scouring the neighborhood. The Brookfield party, headed by City Marshal McArthur, came up with the robbers at Winnagan Ford in the darkness, and were immediately fired upon. Three horses were killed, but none of the men were injured except young Ike Marshall, who was wounded in the hand. All parties then scattered, the robbers going in a Northeasterly direction and striking into the thickly wooded country around Mussle Fork Knobs, Northeast of Macon. They lost two revolvers, a false beard and a hat. The robbers were surrounded in a field about twelve miles West of Kirksville, on the Chariton river. They are hemmed in by five hundred men from Linn, Sullivan, Macon and Adair counties, and will be shot down without mercy if they attempt to break through. The robbers are known to be the same men who have been stopping on the Harper farm in Adair county during the past three weeks. The two banks of Brookfield have offered a reward of $500 for the capture of the men, dead or alive.

KANSAS CITY, June 9.—The robbers, four in number, were surrounded in the woods about thirteen miles Northwest of Kirksville, at 6 A. M., and finding resistance useless, surrendered. They were taken to Kirksville, and from there will be taken to Brookfield at 2 P. M. under a heavy guard Two of the prisoners are recognized as Fox and Morris. The other two will not give their names. Friends of the robbers are congregated at Kirksville and say the prisoners shall not be taken to Brookfield. A fight is looked for.

DR. B. B, BLINCOE.

Having permanently located in the city of Hickman, I would respectfully solicit a share of practice of the citizens of Hickman and surrounding country. Having been a regular, practicing physician for 37 years, I belive I can give entire satisfaction to all who would please to give me a call.

B. B. BLINCOE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce W. C. JOHNSON as a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff of Fulton county. Election first Monday in August.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce C. HUGHLETTE WILSON as a candidate for the office of County Judge. Election next August.

We are authorized to announce Mr. H. C. BAILEY, present incumbent, as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Fulton county, at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce Mr. J. W. MAYES as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Fulton county, at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce JONAH MONTGOMERY as a candidate for the office of County Judge. Election in August.

We are authorized to announce R. S. MURREL, as a candidate for County Judge. Election 1st Monday in August.

FOR COUNTY COURT CLERK.

We are authorized to announce Mr. Josh H. Dodds as a candidate for the office of County Court Clerk. Election in August.

We are authorized to announce Mr. J. T. BYNUM, as a candidate for the office of County Court Clerk of Fulton county, at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce A. M. DEBOW as a candidate for the office of County Court Clerk. Election August next.

We are authorized to announce W. P. TAYLOR as a candidate for Clerk of the Fulton County Court at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce MARSHAL A. McDANIEL, as a candidate for Clerk of the Fulton County Court, at the ensuing August election.

FOR JAILOR.

We are authorized to announce NEWTON J. BUSHART as a candidate for the office of Jailer of Fulton county. Election next August.

We are authorized to announce Mr. JACOB SILVERTOOTH as a candidate for the office of Jailor of Fulton county, at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce Mr. R. F. THOMASSON, present incumbent, as a candidate for the office of Jailor, at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce THOMAS C. HAWKINS, as a candidate for the office of Jailor of Fulton County. August next.

FOR COUNTY ASSESSOR.

We are authorized to announce W. R. THOMAS as a candidate for Assessor of Fulton county. Election in August.

We are authorized to announce MAT. ADAMS, JR., as a candidate for the office of Assessor. Election next August.

We are authorized to announce J. O. A. COOPER, present incumbent, as a candidate for the office of Assessor. Election next August.

We are authorized to announce F. G. DAVIS as a candidate for the office of Assessor. Election in August next.

We are authorized to announce T. J. FINCH as a candidate for the office of Assessor of Fulton county. Election in August next.

We are authorized to announce Q. M. T. SALMON, as a candidate for the office of Assessor of Fulton county. Election in August.

We are authorized to announce A. G. McFADDEN, as a candidate for the office of Assessor of Fulton county. Election in August.

We are authorized to announce J. B. COOK, as a candidate for the office of Assessor. Election next August.

FOR CITY MARSHALL.

We are authorized to announce WILLIAM A. LAWSON as a candidate for the office of city Marshal. Election in August

We are authorized to announce J. O. BARNES, as a candidate for re election to the office of city Marshal. Election in August.

We are authorized to announce WM. L. GARDNER, as a candidate for the office of City Marshal. Election in August.

For Superior Court.

We are authorized to announce Joseph M. Bigger, of McCracken County, as a candidate for judge of the Superior Court this District. Election in August

HAULERS ATTENTION!

TEAMS WANTED.

The Hickman Lumber and Manufacturing Company of Hickman, Ky., have steady employment at good wages or

150 TEAMS

to move the Lumber from their mills situated 10 and 13 miles from Hickman. $3.25 per 1000 feet for thoroughly dry lumber at the farther mill. $2,75 per 1000 fet for the lumber at the ten mile mill equivalent to that amount per day to good pulling two horse teams. Cash every load—Free wagon yard at Hickman Stables at the mills for those who come soon enough to secure them. Steady employment from this date until the roads get bad again next winter

Hickman, Ky., May 15th, 1882.

NEW BAKERY

INTENDS TO KEEP ON HAND

FRESH BREAD, ROLLS, COFFEE-CAKE, CAKES, PIES, HOME-MADE CIDER, CRACKERS, NUTS, PICKLES, SARDINES, FRESH OYSTERS, &c., &c.

GRAHAM BREAD FOR INVALIDS.

—ALSO,—

P. S—Orders for Weddings and Parties promptly attended to.

WM. GEYER.

W. DIESTELBRINK, Family Groceries.

NO space to name all articles, but no trouble to show goods.

Come and see, at the corner of Troy and Moscow Avenue, East Hickman, Ky

jan25 1y

TAKEN up as a stray, by John C Roper, living six miles east of Hickman, and one half mile north of the Shuck road in Fulton county, on the 15th instant, one Red Steer, aged about three years, having left horn broke, but having no brand or other marks, and which is appraised at the value of twelve dollars.

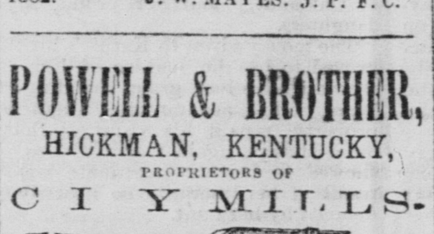
Witness my hand this 15th day of April 1882. J. W. MAYES. J. P. F. C.

POWELL & BROTHER,

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY,

PROPRIETORS OF

CITY MILLS.



HEADQUARTERS FOR

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR, MEAL, HAY, OATS, CORN, BRAN, FIELD SEEDS, &c.

FAMILY GROCERY

H. C. JUDGE,

(FRENZ'S OLD STAND.)

All kinds of

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

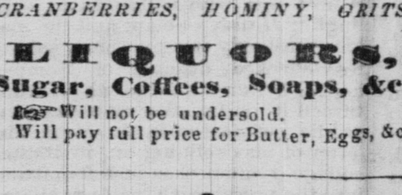
usually kept in a first-class house, at bottom prices.

FANCY CANDIES, DATES, MINCE-MAAT, PICKLES, CRANBERRIES, HOMINY, GRITS

LIQUORS, Sugar, Coffees, Soaps, &c.

Will not be undersold.

Will pay full price for Butter, Eggs, &c.



E. T. Gardner,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE,

of all kind, CHAIRS, MATRASSES, BED SPRINGS, the new light running no. 4 Victor Sewing Machine. Wooden and Metalic Coffins furnished on short notice.

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY

Taken up as a stray by N. J. Davis, on the Moscow and Troy road eight miles of Hickman, and one mile north of McGehee cross roads in Fulton County, Ky., Eight BLACK SHOATS about six months old, marked with crop off of the left ear, and split and upper bit in the right. Valued at eight dollars. Given under my hand this March 22nd, 1882.

W. B. GORE. J. P. F. C.

Dolly Varden Saloon.

T. M. Jones, Proprietor.

Keeps the finest best, freshest brands of Beer, always on tap. Cigars, and Tobaccos. Polite and attentive bar-keepers Patronage solicited.

LOWER and LOWER.

All kinds of Groceries—hams, sides, &c, as cheap as the cheapest. I will not be undersold. JOHN WITTING.

WANTED TO BORROW—Wanted to borrow $200 00, for 1, 2, or 3, years Will secure by real estate, and pay 10 per cent. Address.

Q.
Care Courier Office.

ICE.

A. M. BROWN & CO., have built an Ice House, and will keep Lake Ice through the summer at reasonable rates. Call and get your ice.

For Sale!!

A fine lot of MACHINE OILS, including LARD OIL—GOLDEN MACHINE OIL, and LUBRICATING OIL, at bottom price.

3t. J. W. COWGILL, Druggist.

New Grocery!

(Ieagala's Old Stand, Clinton Street.) HICKMAN, KY.

Mr. E. Scharfe,

DEALER IN

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

My Stock is New and Fresh, and will be sold at prices that will be especially attractive to buyers.

LIQUORS!

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE BOUGHT.

GIVE ME A CALL!

SOMETHING NEW!

NEW GROCERY!
NEW GOODS!!
NEW STORE!!!
NEW MAN!!!!

EVERYTHING NEW!

MR. ROBERT NOLEN, announces to the public that he has opened a bran new stock of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

at the Metheny stand, Clinton St., and respectfully solicits a share of patronage. A specialty of Tobaccos, Cigars, Coffees and Sugars. se23-'81.

25cts Lower than the Lowest.

I have no clerk expensss—no store rent—and pay cash for all my Groceries, and, therefore can sell as cheap as the cheapest. Best brands of Wittenberg and Lone Star Flour, 25 cents cheaper than the lowest. JOHN WITTING.

STAR SALOON

J. S. SHUPERT, proprietor, Clinton street, next door to Brevard's hardware store.

KEEPS the freshest and finest make of Beers. Call and see him.

BEER SALOON

H. F. FETHE,

KEEPS fresh beer on tap, all the time, Will serve customers promptly and courteously.

JAMES KOGER,

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY,

REPRESENTING

B. S. RHEA & SON,

—OF—

Nashville, Tennessee,

DEALERS IN

GRAIN, &c.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

FULTON CIRCUIT COURT.

J. D. Wade's Admr. Plff.
vs. } Equity.
His Heirs ond Creditors, Dfts

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of J. D. Wade, deceased, that the undersigned, Commissioner of the Fulton Circuit Court, under an order in the above styled cause, will attend at his office, in Hickman, from the date hereof until the 4th MONDAY OF JULY next, 1882, to receive and hear proof of claims against said decedent; and that all claims not presented to him and proven as required by law, within the time specified above, will be forever barred.

GEO. WARREN,
Master Com. Fulton Circuit Court.
Hickman, March 24, 1882.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

FULTON CIRCUIT COURT.

Wm. Barne's Adm'r., Pl'ff.
vs. } Equity.
His Heirs and Creditors Dfts

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Wm. Barnes, deceased, that the undersigned, Commissioner of the Fulton Circuit Court, under an order in the above styled cause, will attend at his office, in Hickman, from the date hereof until the 4th MONDAY IN JULY next, 1882, to receive and hear proof of claims against said decedent; and that all claims not presented to him and proven as required by law, within the time specified above, will be forever barred.

GEO. WARREN,
Master Com. Fulton Circuit Court.
Hickman, Ky., Mar. 24, 1882.

A GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY IS THE LOSS OF

MANHOOD

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhoea, iduced by Self Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c—BY ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.,

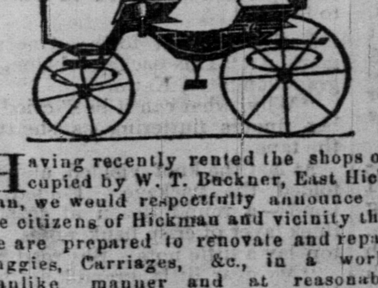
The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically,

This Lecture will prove a boom to thousands and thousands.

Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps Address.

The Culverwell Medical Co.,
41 Ann St., New York, N. Y.;
Post Office Box, 450

CARRIAGE SHOP.



HAVING recently rented the shops occupied by W. T. Buckner, East Hickman, we would respectfully announce to the citizens of Hickman and vicinity that we are prepared to renovate and repair Buggies, Carriages, &c., in a workmanlike manner and at reasonable prices. Nothing but the best of material used in repairing work. Give us a trial. Satisfaction guarnteed.

PARKER & WIEMER.

Professional Cards.

B. F. O'DANIEL, M. D.,

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Hickman and vicinity.

Office—Corner room in Laclede House.

W. T. Plummer, M. D.,

OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Hickman and vicinity.

Office—Corner room in Laclede House. mch14

DR. A. A. FARIS,

PHYSICAN AND SURGEON,

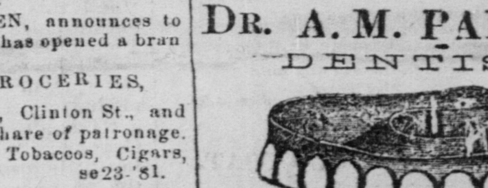
HICKMAN, — — KENTUCKY

OFFERS his Professional Services to the citizens of Hickman and vicinity.

jan16-'80

DR. A. M. PARKER,

DENTIST



[Office in Millet Block.]

ALL operotions performed in the most artistic manner. Special attention given to the regulation of childrens teeth. july4-'79

H. A. & R. T. Tyler,

Attorneys at Law,

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY,

WILL ATTEND TO ALL BUSINESS entrusted to their care.

Office—Millet Block.

nev8-'78

C. L. RANDLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Collector, Real Estate Agent,

HICKMAN, KY.

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted him in Southwestern Kentucky and Northwestern Tennessee Special attention given to the investigation of Land titles, and the purchase and sale of Real Estate. [jan8t

C. Hughlette Wilson,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

HICKMAN, KY.

COLLECTIONS promptly remitted Abstracts of titles a specialty.

IF YOU WANT A

NICE CLEAN SHAVE,

OR

HAIR FASHIONABLY CUT

CALL AT THE

"O K" BARBER SHOP

TO SEE

CHARLIE

FIELD SEED OF ALL KINDS,

Lime, Cement,

Land-Plaster,

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

mch4 BONDURANT & DREWRY.

Sale and Livery Stable.

Wm. B. Plummer,

KENTUCKY STREET,

KEEPS constantly on hand for hire and sale

HORSES, BUGGIES and HACKS.

Thankful for patronage heretofore extended him, he solicits a continuance of same.

FRITZ SCHROEDER,

FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

SHOP—North West corner of Moscow and Troy Aveunes, East Hickman, Ky.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

may91y

CITY SALOON!

C. L. KISTNER, PROPRIETOR.

Union City, Tenn.

MR. C. L. KISTNER, formerly of Hickman, announces that he is now the owner and proprietor of the Hickman Saloon—Heinz old stand; and will keep in stock the finest brands of Liquors, Cigars, Lager Beer, &c., &c. Give him a call.

oct7-'81-3m

John G. Griffin,

Merchant Tailor.

HAS JUST RECEIVED BUTTERICK'S Report of latest Fall and Winter Fashions, and a large lot of samples of French, English and German goods.

Gentlemen are invited to call and examine. sept26

HICKMAN MARBLE WORKS

HICKMAN, KY.

B. C. Ramage,

DEALER IN

ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE MONUMENTS, TOMB AND GRAVE STONES.

HAVING received a fine lot of American and Italian Marble, I am prepared to fill all orders. Call and examine our work

Orders from the country promptly filled. may 26

J. W. ROGERS,

KEEPS all kinds of staple and fancy

GROCERIES,

and Confectioneries. Will be pleased to see his old customers, and will both suit them in price and quality. Call and see us. "Quick Sales and Small Profitts. Won't be undersold [jan4tf

Local Items.

The Mary Houston and Chas. Morgan collided near Louisville, Friday, and the Houston badly damaged.

Elder R. A. Breauchamp will preach at the Baptist church, next Sunday, at the usual hour.

The Tennessee Greenbackers in their State convention nominated J. K. Beasley for Governor.

Alex. Lusk, is the name of the Prohibition candidate for Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in this State.

If the wheat crop turns out as the farmers now hope it will, a heavy decline in flour may be anticipated. The promise for a big crop is general.

John Mayes, son of Judge James W. Mayes, who has been attending college at Lexington, Ky., returned home, Sunday last.

Hon. Silas Murrell, candidate for County Judge, has been interviewing Hickmanites, relative to the Judgeship this week.

Union City has organized a life and endowment insurance company on the mutual plan. The incorporators are: J. E Beck, J. H. W. Jones, W. H. Gardner, Geo. G. Bell, and W. P. Richards.

Mr. Len G. Faxon, editor of the Paducah *News*, has retired from that position. He has been in the editorial harness 32 years, and claims to be entitled to an "armistice." Success attend him.

We carry no auction or shoddy goods.
PLAUT BRO'S & Co

The O. K. Barber Shop, Anderson & Bugg, the tonsorial artists, facial operators, physiognomical hair-dressers, cranium manipulators, and capilliary abridgers, will shave and cut hair with ambidextrous facility.

Very general rain storms, assuming the form of water spouts and doing much damage to property, washing away bridges, railroad tracks, &c., have prevailed in Iowa, Missouri, and Central Illinois, the past week.

The damage to the fruit crop in the Northern States will be a bonanza to the fruit growers of the South this year, and immense quantities of fruit of all kinds will be shipped from Southern points to Northern cities.

The main hope the Republicans have of electing a President in 1884 is that the Democrats will make some big blunder before that time. It is to be hoped they will be disappointed.

A strawberry which grew in Quincy, Florida, measured five and one half inches in circumference.—*Exchange.*

Dr. Geo. Rogers, of this vicinity, grew some this season, which measured 6 inches. Florida advertisers must come again.

Rev. C. C Harlen, colored, the Sunday school State Missionary, is now in the city and will lecture Sunday morning at the colored Baptist church. All persons are invited to attend. Subject: The creation of the world.

Rev Mr King, pastor of the Methodist church at this place, has been conducting a revival meeting the past two weeks, and quite a number of conversions have occurred The meeting is yet in progress.

The Tennessee State Democratic Convention meets in Nashville, next Tuesday. If the party harmonizes on one ticket it will win, otherwise the Republicans will re-elect Hawkins. The United Democracy will probably nominate General Bate, for Governor.

The new edition of Chamber's life of the James Brothers by Triplett, is now on sale at John W. Cole's book store. This is an authentic history, and Mr. Cole is the sole agent for the county.

By general request, the entertainment was repeated Thursday night, to the very great pleasure of many who were denied the pleasure of witnessing the first performance.

A witty lady, who is, however, somewhat given to exaggeration, was trying to tell a friend what a poor appetite she had, and said: "I eat very little; a flea would be a barbecue for me."

T. D. Baily, a well known citizen of Paducah, was found dead by the road side in McCracken county, with his coat folded and placed under his head.

The debate at Martin, Tenn., Friday last, between representative students from the Clinton, McKenzie and Jackson schools, was attended by about 2,000 people. Mr. Tilman Johnson, of Clinton, won the first prize, and Mr. Kirby, of McKenzie, the second.

Twenty-two millions of dollars in counterfeit government bonds, printed from plates exactly like the originals, procured from leaden matrixes furnished to the counterfeiters by the government officials and employes, is one of those spectacles of corruption and villainy before which the whole country now stands in astonished confusion.

Walter Davis, stepson of Mr. Robert Powell, of this county, was killed at Collinsville, Ala., Friday last. He was struck with a Croquet mallet. His remains were brought to this county, and interred Monday last at Poplar Grove burial grounds. Young Davis was a printer, for some years local editor on the Vickburg papers, and a young man of considerable talent and promise.

The water works question has been discussed pretty freely, and some citizens think it practical, and very many favor it if it can be demonstrated as practical and within the financial ability of the city. An intelligent committee could ascertain these facts. Mere courtesy, if nothing more, should prompt the council to take some steps.

Successful men make fortunes by spending money in business enterprises. Men who lack thrift seek their fortunes by hoarding money. Whenever you help your neighbor in his efforts, you strengthen yourself. The more we help each other, the richer and stronger a community grows. No man can, or ought to live for himself, or for his exclusive business. If that should be generally attempted it would destroy any city or town.

The Challenge is Accepted.

The Tiptonville Stars, of Lake county Tenn., have accepted the challenge of the Tyler Blue Stockings Base Ball club to play a friendly match game of base ball to morrow, June 17th, at 2 o'clock P. M. on the base ball grounds in West Hickman.

The Tyler Blue Stockings are a fine lot of young men, and perfectly at home on the base ball field. All will be out in a bright new uniform, and we feel confident the Hickman boys will win the honors of the day.

Let our citizens, ladies and gentlemen, all turn out and encourage our home boys, and at the same time see a fine match game of base ball; everybody will be well repaid for going.

We are not informed of the names and positions of the Stars: The Tyler Blues, will play the game with the following field:

Pitcher,	C. Hughlette Wilson
Catcher,	C. Hardy Wilson
1st Base,	Geo. Glazier
2nd,	Capt. F. Berendes
3rd,	Jas L. Stephens
Short Stop,	Howard M. Maxwell
Right short stop,	J. Tim Walton
Left field,	T. J. Wallace, Jr
Center "	W. M. Evetts
Right "	Sam Kirkpatrick

Mr. Ferd Berendes has been chosen Captain of the Tyler Blues, and makes an active, watchful and energetic Captain. He will certainly lead the Blues to success.

ANOTHER GAME.

Since base ball struck Hickman, it has taken like wild fire.

Following close on the game of to-morrow, the C. H. Hubbard Red Stockings have challenged, and will play the H. A. Tyler Blue Stockings on next Monday, the 19th inst. The "Hubbard Reds" are mostly boys, but have unbounded pluck and courage, and feel confident of wrestling the honors of the field from the "Tyler Blues." They are boys that will face the hottest balls direct from the bat, and their fielding is exceptionably fine. The field Monday will be, Hubbard Red Stockings:

C. Hughlette Wilson,	Pitcher
B. J. Hertweck,	Catcher
Joe C. Witting,	1st Base
L. Cole,	2nd "
R. L. Bradley,	3rd "
J. B. Kindred,	Short stop
G. H. Efinger,	Right short stop
J. Zacharias	Left fielder
R. Person,	Center "
Jas. Westmerland,	Right "

Capt., of the Hubbards, C. Hughlette Wilson.

Tyler Blue Stocking retain the same position as in the match of to-morrow, except Capt. F. Berendes pitches, and Dabney Sherill takes 2nd base.

DIAMOND DUST.

The Hickman Teams practice this afternoon.

Turn out to see the game to-morrow afternoon.

Wilson makes some beautiful catches from the bat, but must get his balls well to second.

Capt. Berendes makes a noby muff on a fly ball.

When Glazier's alligators close on a ball its no use for a bat to "monkey" further, its right "thar."

Compare our goods and prices. We guarantee satisfaction.
PLAUT BRO'S & Co.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

A Card.

Editor of the Hickman Courier:

Permit me to state in your next issue, that I think that pusillanimous, lying, puppy of an editor of the *Fultonian*, is beneath the notice of a gentleman; and you will much oblige.

J. H. MONTGOMERY.

[Index please copy.]

Card of Thanks.

Editor Hickman Courier:

Permit me in behalf of myself and relations, to express publicly my thanks and that of my family, to conductor Roberts and baggage master Green, and other officials of the N. & N. W. railroad, for their courtesy and kindness shown, in bringing the remains of my deceased brother, Walter Davis, to Kentucky, for interment. Respectfully,

ALLEN DAVIS.

The Mayfield Democrat favors Col. Thos. L. Jones, for Governor.

In the last 20 years Congress has given away 296,000,000 acres of the public domain to private corporations.

Four contested seats in Congress have been settled in favor of Republicans, Chalmers of Mississippi, Dibble of South Carolina, Finly Florida; and Wheeler of Alabama are the Democrats turned out.

Markets.

Wheat.—The St. Louis and Chicago markets show considerable fluctuation, with a downward tendency. The only feature in keeping the market price up is the reported corner in spring wheat for July delivery. The market here will open at from one dollar to 1.15 per bushel.

Corn—Dull and somewhat lower, the fine weather the past week having a tendency to weaken the prices.

Wool, Hides, and Feathers firm at previous quotations.

Apples—But very few arriving. We quote choice early Harvest at from $1.75 to $2 50 per barrel.

Potatoes—Some few shipments to Cincinnati are netted about $4 per barrel.

A Wonderful Woman—Mrs. Hannah McGuire, who lives near the line between Lee and Breathitt counties, is 96 years old, walks and talks with great ease, eats a square meal, has her third set of natural teeth, third eye-sight, and, as it were, her third suit of natural hair. After she had passed her 80th year she grew her third set of teeth. Her hair turned gray at fifty, and got to be real white, but within the past ten or twelve years has grown dark again—When about middleaged she used spectacles, but laid them aside at 80 years of age. Then she resumed them at 90, and now reads tolerably well without them. She has sixty grandchildren. Mrs. McGuire is a native of Norfolk, Va., but has lived in Kentucky for over half a century.

Barnes, the evangelist, must truly be a wonderful man. Every community he goes into hundreds are moved to confess Christ. There is no failure in his "revivals." The other day he preached to the convicts in the penitentiary, and of the 550 males who heard him 400 stood up and confessed Christ, and of the 30 female convicts every one of them confessed. We must have Barnes visit this part of the moral vineyard.

Edward Richardson, of Mississippi, is the largest cotton raiser in the world, the Khedive of Egypt being second.

A Sunday Fisherman.

[Louisville Post.]

In New York last Sunday President Arthur, after having politely requested "the good Lord to forgive him," in the elegant litany of his church, went fishing with Conkling and Corbin. It may be remarked as a singular coincidence that nearly all of the apostles were fishermen.

Faithful Even in Defeat.

[Paducah News.]

It is stated that Col. Frank Wolford, who is now a Democratic candidate for Congress, takes occasion in every speech he makes, to denounce the bolting scheme of the Jacob faction. While Wolford makes no complaint whatever of the Convention his hypocritical friends are fairly drowned in crocodile tears, their real object being to demoralize and, if possible defeat the Democratic party.

Humphrey Marshall.

[To the Courier-Journal.]

In your issue of the 6th inst. you published under the headlines, "An Echo from Humphrey Marshall," what purports to be a copy of a letter from Gen. Humphrey Marshall to Gen. R. E. Lee, discovered among the Confederate archives.

Gen. Marshall is dead, and therefore cannot denounce the said letter (if any such exists) as a libel on his character and a base forgery. But I am his son, and know there never lived a man whose heart beat with warmer, kinder impulses than that of my father, or whose sense of right and justice was more refined, or whose sentiments were more exalted. Knowing these facts, I know he would have been incapable at any time, under any pressure of circumstances, of advocating for any purpose arson and murder. Therefore, I do not hesitate to denounce said letter (if any such exists) as a libel upon Gen. Marshall's character and sentiments, and a base forgery.

Humphrey Marshall.

Found it at Last.

[From the Danville advocate.]

An editor may publish a great many things for which he thinks he is entitled to receive the commendation of his readers, but he is not thus rewarded. If, however, he should print anything that is offensive, even the smallest paragraph, he will be very apt to hear from that.

Can This be True?

We have it from the best authority that Dr. Standiford, of Louisville, has finally determined not to make the race for Governor, and that in consequence Congressman Knott will soon announce himself a candidate for that position.—*Covington Commonwealth.*

Remember that we buy your wheat, corn, cotton, and any thing you may have to sell.
PLAUT BRO'S & Co.

A letter from Mr. Wm. Heron to a friend here, states that he, with his family, will leave New York on the 10th for England, where he will be for some time, visiting relatives.—Columbus Beacon.

Caldwell's School Holiday Entertainment.—The entertainment given by Prof. B. C. Caldwell's School, Wednesday evening, the 14th, was decidedly the most creditable affair of the kind we ever had the pleasure of witnessing. The chief feature of the entertainment was the presentation of Shakespeare's fairy comedy, "A Midsummer Night's Dream, with music from Mendelssohn's fantasia, of the same name. We can imagine of nothing more difficult of proper presentation than this selection, and yet Caldwell's pupils did present it in a highly creditable and entertaining manner. The interact music was pronounced superb by some of our best judges; and the songs for the interludes, "Stars of Midsummer Night," "She Sleeps while the Night Winds Sing, &c., were all well selected and well rendered. It would require more space than we can spare to print the cast of characters, or to individualize the merit of the pupils, or of the musical performers. Professor Caldwell, in the management and training of his pupils for so difficult a work, certainly deserves the highest commendation.

GOLDBERG,
The Watch Maker.
If you want any work done on Watches, Clocks or Jewelry, call at the Post Office where you can have it done in first rate style, at a reasonable price. Difficult work solicited.

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A Georgia editor who has roamed about his estate a good deal gathering a varied experience says: "Gold is found in thirty six counties in this State, silver in three, copper in thirteen, iron in forty-three, diamonds in twenty six, and whisky in all of them; and the last gets away with all the rest."

George Ellis, who turned State's evidence against Wm. Neal and Ellis Craft in the Gibbons murder case, was convicted of manslaughter at Catlettsburg last Friday and sentenced to imprisonment for life. That night a party of masked men from Ashland entered Catlettsburg took Ellis from the jail, carried him to Ashland, and hung him on a tree near the spot where the fiendish murder was committed in which he took part.

Kentucky makes an average of 24,000,000 gallons of whisky a year.

DIED.

In Hickman, Wednesday night last, infant child of Mr & Mrs. A. A. Faris.

The bright little baby boy has been called to a purer existence ere its young life had been touched by any of the impuritives of this one. May the spirit of All Perfect Consciousness comfort those who would mourn over the sudden translation.

A Death-bed Betrothal.

[From San Antonio Express, June 6.]

Lieut. Augustin F. Hewitt, U. S. Army, 22nd Infantry, died at 5:30 o'clock, Saturday evening, after an illness of two weeks with malignant malaria fever, at the residence of Col. Blanton Duncan. Lieut. Hewitt was the son of Surgeon Hewitt, of the United States Army, whose widow and family reside at Bridgeport, Conn. He was appointed to the military Academy by Gen. Grant, and graduated with distinction in the class of 1879.

While Lieut. Hewitt was so ill at the post, the surgeon deemed that he would die if he did not have loving care. He was accordingly removed to the residence of Col. Duncan, whose daughter, Catherine, he was engaged to wed to morrow, June 6. On Sunday, the 21st ult., Miss. Duncan, too, was attacked with malaria, and her life was despaired of. On Saturday morning Lieut. Hewitt was informed that human aid was powerless to ward off the approach of death, and was then asked as to his last wishes. He asked for Father Johnston, and received the last rites of the church. Col. Duncan asked him if he would be happier if he left his dear wife on this side of eternity, and if he would desire to wed her then. He eagerly said yes, and the young lady being equally anxious they were married. Lieut. Hewitt shortly after this expired.

Dispatches of sympathy and condolence to Col. Duncan's family and Mrs. Hewit, were received.

The funeral took place this morning at 10 o'clock, from St. Mary's church, which sacred edifice was crowded with friends and relatives. The services were conducted at the church by Father Johnston and were beautiful and solemn. The funeral cortege numbered thirty carriages, and was headed by the deceased officer's regiment and regimental band (the Twenty-second infantry), marching, the soldiers with guns at reverse, to the solemn strains of the march of the dead. At the graveside the soldier's escort, in charge of Lieut. Getty, formed around the grave, and the low subdued command of "reverse arms" given. Father Johnston then spoke the last words of the Catholic funeral service, and ere the remains were lowered into the tomb, the sobbing and moaning wife was led to the coffin, supported by relatives, for a last look at her beloved departed. The scene was very affecting, and brave soldiers, men unused to tears, felt their eyes moisten. She was finally taken away by gentle force, and while the coffin was lowered stood, supported by her father, holding her husband's sword and belt. After this a detachment of troops fired a salute of three volleys over the grave and the bugle of the band sounded the last taps for the departed officer.

Around the graveside were noticed the eight pall-bearers and all the officers of the post, together with four officers from Fort Clark whose names could not be learned. The names of the officers are: Maj. Russell, Gen. Augur, Gen. Small, Gen. Vincent, Maj. Bash, Maj. Dodge, Col. Terrell, Col. Lee, Lieutenants Seabrey, Getty, Ord, Augur, Capt. Campbell, Capt. Clous, Maj. Cresson (retired), Capt. Phipps, Drs Middleton and Averett.

The coffin was draped with the national flag and flowers. The flags at the Quartermaster's depot and National Cemetery were at half-mast.

"Sleep soldier! Though many regret thee
Who stand by thy cold bier to-day,
Soon, soon will the kindest forget thee,
And thy name from earth fade away.

"The friend thou hast loved as a brother,
A friend in thy place will have gained;
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy steed by another be reined.

"Yet there's one who will still pay the duty
Of tears, for the true and the brave,
As when first in the bloom of her beauty,
She wept o'er the soldier's grave."

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Hickman, June 9, 1882.

At a called meeting of the Council, present Mayor Faris, Councilmen Cowgill, Corman, Ramage, French and Hertweek.

THE MAY CASE.

Mayor Faris explained that the object of the meeting was to take into consideration the case of M. M. May, now confined in the city lock-up for a fine of $100 imposed by the City Court.

JUDGE WARREN APPROVED.

Councilmen Cowgill offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the members of this Board fully and heartily endorse the judgment of Judge Warren in the case of M. M. May, but owing to the heat, and insecurity of the city lock-up, it is hereby ordered that if the said M. M. May will pay in cash to the City Clerk one-half of his fine the other half shall be remitted.

A motion being made to adopt said resolution, and a call to poll the vote resulted as follows:

AYES—Cowgill, Corman, French, Hertweek, Ramage and Mayor Faris. NAYS 0. Whereupon said resolution was declared unanimously adopted.

FINE REDUCED.

Whereupon, $50 00 was paid in open Council to the City Clerk, who paid Marshal Barnes one half his commission, which was accepted in full settlement; and on motion, M. M. May was ordered released from custody.

On motion the Council adjourned.

R. E. MILLET, C. C.

Paducah Pickings.

Paducah, Ky., June 9.—W. A. Bell, druggist, of this city, made an assignment to-day. Assignee, M. G. Milam. Liabilities, $3,000; assets, mostly property, $4,400. Mr. Bell has been a merchant here for twenty-five years, and his failure was caused principally by depreciation of property.

Scarlet-fever has appeared in this city, and is causing considerable excitement.

A Burglar Nabbed.

Cairo, Ill., June 9.—A man named John Kelly was arrested last night about half a mile South of Columbus, Ky., and proved to be one of the gang who robbed the Post-office at that place. The watches stolen were found near where he was captured. Kelly gave the whole thing away. Diligent search is being made for the rest of the gang. Nothing beside the watches was recovered.

The Fruit Trade With Mexico.

[The Two Republics.]

Hon. Matias Romero, Mexican Minister in Washington, has forwarded to the Department of Foreign Affairs in this capital a statement regarding the importation of tropical fruits into the United States. From this statement it appears that in 1869 this class of fruit was imported to the value of $1,385,581, and that in 1881 $4,383,086 worth of this fruit was imported. Mr. Romero is of the opinion that when the contemplated railways between Mexico and the United States are completed, the trade in Mexican tropical fruit will assume great importance.

Capt. Stone for Congress.

[Princeton Banner.]

Capt. Stone addressed the people of Lyon on Monday of last week, announcing himself a candidate for Congress. Capt. Stone is known to the people of Caldwell and adjoining counties—in fact, to the people of the First district—as a man of sterling character, of good ability, and many strong and admirable personal qualities. He has served the people of Lyon and Caldwell in the Legislature, was Speaker of the House during the session of 1875-6, and acquitted himself with credit to himself and satisfaction to his people. He is, in every sense of the word, a representative man. He is of the people and for the people. He is thoroughly identified with their every interest. He is, and has been all his life a practical farmer. He asks the people of this district to elect him to Congress, and the Banner asks for a calm and candid consideration of his claims.

The New York Observer, says, there is no more sense in having a bell on a church than a theater.

WARM

YOU CAN BET,

It will stay just that way all summer. Now the question is: Are you fixed for it? If not, come down and we will show you some light weight CASSIMERE SUITS, that will make your blood run cold, from the fact that they look so cool, and are priced so low. Don't believe this, because all merchants have a way of blowing, and each claim to sell the lowest; but just drop in and let us show you through. It is no trouble to show goods in this live, pushing house. We will leave it to your own judgment as to who are the makers and leaders of low prices. May we look to see you in soon?

Square Deal. { J. H. PLAUT, boss; A. A. SELKIRK, hustler.

TIN SHOP

We have in connection with our regular Hardware business, a good practical tinner, and are at all times prepared to do work at the lowest possible figures.

BREVARD'S

the popular house for
HARDWARE,
TINWARE.
STOVES.
Garden Implements;
TOOLS, &c.,

R. B BREVARD SOLE AGENT FOR THE FAMOUS STEEL PLOW.

HERTWECK, BALTZER & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
WAGONS,
Hickman, Kentucky.

LACLEDE HOUSE

HICKMAN, KENTUCKY.

THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN RECENTLY ENLARGED, REFITTED, REFURNISHED and thoroughly renovated. Convenient to river and railroad, and attentive watchman kept; and, altogether one of the best appointed hotels in this section.

may9'79 W. J. TURNER, Prop'r.

PIONEER HOUSE!

J. Amberg's Sons.

We have recently purchased a large lot of

QUEENSWARE and GLASSWARE

which we can sell lower than ever offered in this town:

Plates 35c, 40c, 50c, and 60c per sett.
Cups and Saucers 40c, 50c and 60c.
Pitchers 20c, 25c, 40c and 35c.
Bowls, 10c to 60c each.
Butter Dishes, 40c to 60c each.
Chamber Setts, 10 pieces in sett, $5 00.
Tea Setts, 54 pieces in sett, with band, $5.
Tea Setts, 44 pieces in sett, $8 00.
China Gilt band, 44 pieces, $10 00.
China, wide gilt band, $12 50.
Glass Lamps, from 25c to $1 00.
Plain Goblets, from 40c to 75c.
Tumblers, 25c to 50c.
And many other articles which we have not time or space to mention.

We are still determined to satisfy the trade with low prices in

Dry-Goods,

and respectfully ask you to call and see our Goods.

J. AMBERG'S SONS.

THE OLD RELIABLE!

CHAS. A. HOLCOMBE,
DEALER IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, DYE-STUFFS.
HICKMAN, KY.
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED!

Superiority Proved

THE SIMPLEST AND BEST SEWING MACHINE IS THE LIGHT RUNNING

NEW HOME.

HIGHEST AWARD AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR

FOR SALE BY J. W. COWGILL, Druggist.

J. W. CORMAN & Co.,
AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED
EXCELSIOR MANF'G CO. CHARTER OAK STOVES 612-18 N. MAIN ST. ST. LOUIS, MO.
Tin Plate, Sheet Iron, Stamped Ware, Tinners' Tools.
JOB WORK & REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
HARDWARE AND KITCHEN SUPPLIES.
AND MANUFACTURERS OF
COPPER, TIN, and SHEET-IRON WARE.

Local Items.

The Mary Houston and Chas. Morgan collided near Louisville, Friday, and the Houston badly damaged.

Elder R. A. Breauchamp will preach at the Baptist church, next Sunday, at the usual hour.

The Tennessee Greenbackers in their State convention nominated J. K. Beasley for Governor.

Alex. Lusk, is the name of the Prohibition candidate for Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in this State.

If the wheat crop turns out as the farmers now hope it will, a heavy decline in flour may be anticipated. The promise for a big crop is general.

John Mayes, son of Judge James W. Mayes, who has been attending college at Lexington, Ky., returned home, Sunday last.

Hon. Silas Murrell, candidate for County Judge, has been interviewing Hickmanites, relative to the Judgeship this week.

Union City has organized a life and endowment insurance company on the mutual plan. The incorporators are: J. B. Beck, J. H. W. Jones, W. H. Gardner, Geo. G. Bell, and W. P. Richards.

Mr. Len G. Faxon, editor of the Paducah *News*, has retired from that position. He has been in the editorial harness 32 years, and claims to be entitled to an "armistice." Success attend him.

We carry no auction or shoddy goods.
PLAUT BRO'S & Co

The O. K. Barber Shop, Anderson & Bugg, the tonsorial artists, facial operators, physiognomical hair-dressers, cranium manipulators, and capilliary abridgers, will shave and cut hair with ambidextrous facility.

Very general rain storms, assuming the form of water spouts and doing much damage to property, washing away bridges, railroad tracks, &c., have prevailed in Iowa, Missouri, and Central Illinois, the past week.

The damage to the fruit crop in the Northern States will be a bonanza to the fruit growers of the South this year, and immense quantities of fruit of all kinds will be shipped from Southern points to Northern cities.

The main hope the Republicans have of electing a President in 1884 is that the Democrats will make some big blunder before that time. It is to be hoped they will be disappointed.

A strawberry which grew in Quincy, Florida, measured five and one half inches in circumference.—*Exchange.*

Dr. Geo. Rogers, of this vicinity, grew some this season, which measured 6 inches. Florida advertisers must come again.

Rev. C. C Harlen, colored, the Sunday school State Missionary, is now in the city and will lecture Sunday morning at the colored Baptist church. All persons are invited to attend. Subject: The creation of the world.

Rev. Mr King, pastor of the Methodist church at this place, has been conducting a revival meeting the past two weeks, and quite a number of conversions have occurred. The meeting is yet in progress.

The Tennessee State Democratic Convention meets in Nashville, next Tuesday. If the party harmonizes on one ticket it will win, otherwise the Republicans will re-elect Hawkins. The United Democracy will probably nominate General Bate, for Governor.

The new edition of Chamber's life of the James Brothers by Triplett, is now on sale at John W. Cole's book store. This is an authentic history, and Mr. Cole is the sole agent for the county.

By general request, the entertainment was repeated Thursday night, to the very great pleasure of many who were denied the pleasure of witnessing the first performance.

A witty lady, who is, however, somewhat given to exaggeration, was trying to tell a friend what a poor appetite she had, and said: "I eat very little; a flea would be a barbecue for me."

T. D. Baily, a well known citizen of Paducah, was found dead by the road side in McCracken county, with his coat folded and placed under his head.

The debate at Martin, Tenn., Friday last, between representative students from the Clinton, McKenzie and Jackson schools, was attended by about 2,000 people. Mr. Tilman Johnson, of Clinton, won the first prize, and Mr. Kirby, of McKenzie, the second.

Twenty-two millions of dollars in counterfeit government bonds, printed from plates exactly like the originals, procured from leaden matrixes furnished to the counterfeiters by the government officials and employes, is one of those spectacles of corruption and villainy before which the whole country now stands in astonished confusion.

Walter Davis, stepson of Mr. Robert Powell, of this county, was killed at Collinsville, Ala., Friday last. He was struck with a Croquet mallet. His remains were brought to this county, and interred Monday last at Poplar Grove burial grounds. Young Davis was a printer, for some years local editor on the Vickburg papers, and a young man of considerable talent and promise.

The water works question has been discussed pretty freely, and some citizens think it practical, and very many favor it if it can be demonstrated as practical and within the financial ability of the city. An intelligent committee could ascertain these facts. Mere courtesy, if nothing more, should prompt the council to take some steps.

Successful men make fortunes by spending money in business enterprises. Men who lack thrift seek their fortunes by hoarding money. Whenever you help your neighbor in his efforts, you strengthen yourself. The more we help each other, the richer and stronger a community grows. No man can, or ought to live for himself, or for his exclusive business. If that should be generally attempted it would destroy any city or town.

The Challenge is Accepted.

The Tiptonville Stars, of Lake County Tenn., have accepted the challenge of the Tyler Blue Stockings Base Ball club to play a friendly match game of base ball to morrow, June 17th, at 2 o'clock P. M. on the base ball grounds in West Hickman.

The Tyler Blue Stockings are a fine lot of young men, and perfectly at home on the base ball field. All will be out in bright new uniform, and we feel confident the Hickman boys will win the honors of the day.

Let our citizens, ladies and gentlemen, all turn out and encourage our home boys, and at the same time see a fine match game of base ball; everybody will be well repaid for going.

We are not informed of the names and positions of the Stars. The Tyler Blues, will play the game with the following field:

Pitcher,	C. Hughlette Wilson
Catcher,	C. Hardy Wilson
1st Base,	Geo. Glazier
2nd,	Capt. F. Berendes
3rd,	Jas L. Stephens
Short Stop,	Howard M. Maxwell
Right short stop,	J. Tim Walton
Left field,	T. J. Wallace, Jr
Center "	W. M. Evetts
Right "	Sam Kirkpatrick

Mr. Ferd Berendes has been chosen Captain of the Tyler Blues, and makes an active, watchful and energetic Captain. He will certainly lead the Blues to success.

ANOTHER GAME.

Since base ball struck Hickman, it has taken like wild fire.

Following close on the game of to-morrow, the C. H. Hubbard Red Stockings have challenged, and will play the H. A. Tyler Blue Stockings on next Monday, the 19th inst. The "Hubbard Reds" are mostly boys, but have unbounded pluck and courage, and feel confident of wrestling the honors of the field from the "Tyler Blues." They are boys that will face the hottest balls direct from the bat, and their fielding is exceptionably fine. The field Monday will be, Hubbard Red Stockings:

C. Hughlette Wilson,	Pitcher
B. J. Hertweck,	Catcher
Joe C. Witting,	1st Base
L. Cole,	2nd "
R. L. Bradley,	3rd "
J. B. Kindred,	Short stop
G. H. Efinger,	Right short stop
J. Zacharias	Left fielder
R. Person,	Center "
Jas. Westmerland,	Right "

Capt., of the Hubbards, C. Hughlette Wilson.

Tyler Blue Stocking retain the same position as in the match of to-morrow, except Capt. F. Berendes pitches, and Dabney Sherill takes 2nd base.

DIAMOND DUST.

The Hickman Teams practice this afternoon.

Turn out to see the game to-morrow afternoon.

Wilson makes some beautiful catches from the bat, but must get his balls well to second.

Capt. Berendes makes a noby muff on a fly ball.

When Glazier's alligators close on a ball its no use for a bat to "monkey" further, its right "thar."

Compare our goods and prices. We guarantee satisfaction.
PLAUT BRO'S & Co.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

A Card.

Editor of the Hickman Courier:

Permit me to state in your next issue, that I think that pusillanimous, lying, puppy of an editor of the *Fultonian*, is beneath the notice of a gentleman; and you will much oblige.

J. H. MONTGOMERY.

[Index please copy.]

Card of Thanks.

Editor Hickman Courier:

Permit me in behalf of myself and relations, to express publicly my thanks and that of my family, to conductor Roberts and baggage master Green, and other officials of the N. & N. W. railroad, for their courtesy and kindness shown, in bringing the remains of my deceased brother, Walter Davis, to Kentucky, for interment.

Respectfully,
ALLEN DAVIS.

The Mayfield Democrat favors Col. Thos. L. Jones, for Governor.

In the last 20 years Congress has given away 296,000,000 acres of the public domain to private corporations.

Four contested seats in Congress have been settled in favor of Republicans, Chalmers of Mississippi, Dibble of South Carolina, Finly Florida; and Wheeler of Alabama are the Democrats turned out.

Markets.

Wheat.—The St. Louis and Chicago markets show considerable fluctuation, with a downward tendency. The only feature in keeping the market price up is the reported corner in spring wheat for July delivery. The market here will open at from one dollar to 1.15 per bushel.

Corn—Dull and somewhat lower, the fine weather the past week having a tendency to weaken the prices.

Wool, Hides, and Feathers firm at previous quotations.

Apples—But very few arriving. We quote choice early Harvest at from $1.75 to $2 50 per barrel.

Potatoes—Some few shipments to Cincinnati are netted about $4 per barrel.

A Wonderful Woman—Mrs. Hannah McGuire, who lives near the line between Lee and Breathitt counties, is 96 years old, walks and talks with great ease, eats a square meal, has her third set of natural teeth, third eye-sight, and, as it were, her third suit of natural hair. After she had passed her 80th year she grew her third set of teeth. Her hair turned gray at fifty, and got to be real white, but within the past ten or twelve years has grown dark again—When about middle-aged she used spectacles, but laid them aside at 80 years of age. Then she resumed them at 90, and now reads tolerably well without them. She has sixty grandchildren. Mrs. McGuire is a native of Norfolk, Va., but has lived in Kentucky for over half a century.

Barnes, the evangelist, must truly be a wonderful man. Every community he goes into hundreds are moved to confess Christ. There is no failure in his "revivals." The other day he preached to the convicts in the penitentiary, and of the 550 males who heard him 400 stood up and confessed Christ, and of the 30 female convicts every one of them confessed. We must have Barnes visit this part of the moral vineyard.

Edward Richardson, of Mississippi, is the largest cotton raiser in the world, the Khedive of Egypt being second.

A Sunday Fisherman.

[Louisville Post.]

In New York last Sunday President Arthur, after having politely requested "the good Lord to forgive him," in the elegant litany of his church, went fishing with Conkling and Corbin. It may be remarked as a singular coincidence that nearly all of the apostles were fishermen.

Faithful Even in Defeat.

[Paducah News.]

It is stated that Col. Frank Wolford, who is now a Democratic candidate for Congress; takes occasion in every speech he makes, to denounce the bolting scheme of the Jacob faction. While Wolford makes no complaint whatever of the Convention his hypocritical friends are fairly drowned in crocodile tears, their real object being to demoralize and, if possible defeat the Democratic party.

Humphrey Marshall.

[To the Courier-Journal.]

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The Louisville Commercial notes a strange eye-disease now prevalent in that city, and attributes it to the atmosphere and the water. It says there are now several hundred cases in and out of the hospitals.

A Georgia editor who has roamed about his estate a good deal gathering a varied experience says: "Gold is found in thirty six counties in this State, silver in three, copper in thirteen, iron in forty-three, diamonds in twenty six, and whisky in all of them; and the last gets away with all the rest."

George Ellis, who turned State's evidence against Wm. Neal and Ellis Craft in the Gibbons murder case, was convicted of manslaughter at Catlettsburg last Friday and sentenced to imprisonment for life. That night a party of masked men from Ashland entered Catlettsburg took Ellis from the jail, carried him to Ashland, and hung him on a tree near the spot where the fiendish murder was committed in which he took part.

Kentucky makes an average of 24,000,000 gallons of whisky a year.

DIED.

In Hickman, Wednesday night last, infant child of Mr & Mrs. A. A. Faris. The bright little baby boy has been called to a purer existence ere its young life had been touched by any of the impuritives of this one. May the spirit of All Perfect Consciousness comfort those who would mourn over the sudden translation.

A Death-bed Betrothal.

[From San Antonio Express, June 6.]

Lieut. Augustin F. Hewitt, U. S. Army, 22nd Infantry, died at 5:30 o'clock, Saturday evening, after an illness of two weeks with malignant malaria fever, at the residence of Col. Blanton Duncan. Lieut. Hewitt was the son of Surgeon Hewitt, of the United States Army, whose widow and family reside at Bridgeport, Conn. He was appointed to the military Academy by Gen. Grant, and graduated with distinction in the class of 1879.

While Lieut. Hewitt was so ill at the post, the surgeon deemed that he would die if he did not have loving care. He was accordingly removed to the residence of Col. Duncan, whose daughter, Catherine, he was engaged to wed to morrow, June 6. On Sunday, the 21st ult., Miss Duncan, too, was attacked with malaria, and her life was despaired of. On Saturday morning Lieut. Hewitt was informed that human aid was powerless to ward off the approach of death, and was then asked as to his last wishes. He asked for Father Johnston, and received the last rites of the church. Col. Duncan asked him if he would be happier if he left his dear wife on this side of eternity, and if he would desire to wed her then. He eagerly said yes, and the young lady being equally anxious they were married. Lieut. Hewitt shortly after this expired.

Dispatches of sympathy and condolence to Col. Duncan's family and Mrs. Hewit, were received.

The funeral took place this morning at 10 o'clock, from St. Mary's church, which sacred edifice was crowded with friends and relatives. The services were conducted at the church by Father Johnston and were beautiful and solemn. The funeral cortege numbered thirty carriages, and was headed by the deceased officer's regiment and regimental band (the Twenty-second infantry), marching, the soldiers with guns at reverse, to the solemn strains of the march of the dead. At the graveside the soldier's escort, in charge of Lieut. Getty, formed around the grave, and the low subdued command of "reverse arms" given. Father Johnston then spoke the last words of the Catholic funeral service, and ere the remains were lowered into the tomb, the sobbing and moaning wife was led to the coffin, supported by relatives, for a last look at her beloved departed. The scene was very affecting, and brave soldiers, men unused to tears, felt their eyes moisten. She was finally taken away by gentle force, and while the coffin was lowered stood, supported by her father, holding her husband's sword and belt. After this a detachment of troops fired a salute of three volleys over the grave and the bugle of the band sounded the last taps for the departed officer.

Around the graveside were noticed the eight pall-bearers and all the officers of the post, together with four officers from Fort Clark whose names could not be learned. The names of the officers are: Maj. Russell, Gen. Augur, Gen. Small, Gen. Vincent, Maj. Bash, Maj. Dodge, Col. Terrell, Col. Lee, Lieutenants Seabrey, Getty Ord, Augur, Capt. Campbell, Capt. Clous, Maj. Cresson (retired), Capt. Phipps, Drs Middleton and Averett.

The coffin was draped with the national flag and flowers. The flags at the Quartermaster's depot and National Cemetery were at half-mast.

"Sleep soldier! Though many regret thee
Who stand by thy cold bier to-day,
Soon, soon will the kindest forget thee,
And thy name from earth fade away.

"The friend thou hast loved as a brother,
A friend in thy place will have gained;
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy steed by another be reined.

"Yet there's one who will still pay the duty
Of tears, for the true and the brave,
As when first in the bloom of her beauty,
She wept o'er the soldier's grave."

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Hickman, June 9, 1882.

At a called meeting of the Council, present Mayor Faris, Councilmen Cowgill, Corman, Ramage, French and Hertweck.

THE MAY CASE.

Mayor Faris explained that the object of the meeting was to take into consideration the case of M. M. May, now confined in the city lock-up for a fine of $100 imposed by the City Court.

JUDGE WARREN APPROVED.

Councilmen Cowgill offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the members of this Board fully and heartily endorse the judgment of Judge Warren in the case of M. M. May, but owing to the heat, and insecurity of the city lock-up, it is hereby ordered that if the said M. M. May will pay in cash to the City Clerk one-half of his fine the other half shall be remitted.

A motion being made to adopt said resolution, and a call to poll the vote resulted as follows:

AYES—Cowgill, Corman, French, Hertweck, Ramage and Mayor Faris. NAYS 0. Whereupon said resolution was declared unanimously adopted.

FINE REDUCED.

Whereupon, $50 00 was paid in open Council to the City Clerk, who paid Marshal Barnes one half his commission, which was accepted in full settlement; and on motion, M. M. May was ordered released from custody.

On motion the Council adjourned.

R. E. MILLET, C. C.

Paducah Pickings.

Paducah, Ky., June 9.—W. A. Bell, druggist, of this city, made an assignment to-day. Assignee, M. G. Milam. Liabilities, $3,000; assets, mostly property, $4,400. Mr. Bell has been a merchant here for twenty-five years, and his failure was caused principally by depreciation of property.

Scarlet-fever has appeared in this city, and is causing considerable excitement.

A Burglar Nabbed.

Cairo, Ill., June 9.—A man named John Kelly was arrested last night about half a mile South of Columbus, Ky., and proved to be one of the gang who robbed the Post-office at that place. The watches stolen were found near where he was captured. Kelly gave the whole thing away. Diligent search is being made for the rest of the gang. Nothing beside the watches was recovered.

The Fruit Trade With Mexico.

[The Two Republics.]

Hon. Matias Romero, Mexican Minister in Washington, has forwarded to the Department of Foreign Affairs in this capital a statement regarding the importation of tropical fruits into the United States. From this statement it appears that in 1869 this class of fruit was imported to the value of $1,385,581, and that in 1881 $4,383,086 worth of this fruit was imported. Mr. Romero is of the opinion that when the contemplated railways between Mexico and the United States are completed, the trade in Mexican tropical fruit will assume great importance.

Capt. Stone for Congress.

[Princeton Banner.]

Capt. Stone addressed the people of Lyon on Monday of last week, announcing himself a candidate for Congress. Capt. Stone is known to the people of Caldwell and adjoining counties—in fact, to the people of the First district—as a man of sterling character, of good ability, and many strong and admirable personal qualities. He has served the people of Lyon and Caldwell in the Legislature, was Speaker of the House during the session of 1875-6, and acquitted himself with credit to himself and satisfaction to his people. He is, in every sense of the word, a representative man. He is of the people and for the people. He is thoroughly identified with their every interest. He is, and has been all his life a practical farmer. He asks the people of this district to elect him to Congress, and the Banner asks for a calm and candid consideration of his claims.

The New York Observer, says, there is no more sense in having a bell on a church than a theater.

WARM

YOU CAN BET,

It will stay just that way all summer. Now the question is: Are you fixed for it? If not, come down and we will show you some light weight CASSIMERE SUITS, that will make your blood run cold, from the fact that they look so cool, and are priced so low. Don't believe this, because all merchants have a way of blowing, and each claim to sell the lowest; but just drop in and let us show you through. It is no trouble to show goods in this live, pushing house. We will leave it to your own judgment as to who are the makers and leaders of low prices. May we look to see you in soon?

Square Deal. { J. H. PLAUT, boss; A. A. SELKIRK, hustler.

TIN SHOP

We have in connection with our regular Hardware business, a good practical tinner, and are at all times prepared to do work at the lowest possible figures.

BREVARD'S

the popular house for

HARDWARE, TINWARE. STOVES. Garden Implements; TOOLS, &c.,

R. B BREVARD SOLE AGENT FOR THE FAMOUS STEEL PLOW.

HERTWECK, BALTZER & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
WAGONS,
Hickman, Kentucky.

LACLEDE HOUSE
HICKMAN, KENTUCKY.

THIS HOUSE HAS BEEN RECENTLY ENLARGED, REFITTED, REFURNISHED and thoroughly renovated. Convenient to river and railroad, and attentive help kept; and, altogether one of the best hotels in the State.

mayb '79 W. J. TURNER, Prop'r.

PIONEER HOUSE!

J. Amberg's Sons.

We have recently purchased a large lot of

QUEENSWARE and GLASSWARE

which we can sell lower than ever offered in this town:

Plates 35c, 40c, 50c, and 60c per sett.
Cups and Saucers 40c, 50c and 60c.
Pitchers 20c, 25c, 40c and 35c.
Bowls, 10c to 60c each.
Butter Dishes, 40c to 60c each.
Chamber Setts, 10 pieces in sett, $5 00.
Tea Setts, 54 pieces in sett, with band, $5.
Tea Setts, 44 pieces in sett, $8 00.
China Gilt band, 44 pieces, $10 00.
China, wide gilt band, $12 50.
Glass Lamps, from 25c to $1 00.
Plain Goblets, from 40c to 75c.
Tumblers, 25c to 50c.

And many other articles which we have not time or space to mention.

We are still determined to satisfy the trade with low prices in

Dry-Goods,

and respectfully ask you to call and see our Goods.

J. AMBERG'S SONS.

THE OLD RELIABLE!

CHAS. A. HOLCOMBE,
DEALER IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, DYE-STUFFS.
HICKMAN, KY.
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED!

Superiority Proved

THE SIMPLEST AND BEST SEWING MACHINE IS THE LIGHT RUNNING

NEW HOME.

HIGHEST AWARD AT THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

FOR SALE BY J. W. COWGILL, Druggist.

J. W. CORMAN & Co.,
AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED

JOB WORK & REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

HARDWARE AND KITCHEN SUPPLIES.

AND MANUFACTURERS OF
COPPER, TIN, and SHEET-IRON WARE.